

THE NUT-CRACKER.

CONTAINING

An agreeable Variety of well-season'd
JESTS, EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

Collected from

The most *Sprightly Wits* of the present Age.

Together with

Such Instructions as will enable any Man
to tell a *Story* with a *good Grace*, and crack a
Nut without losing the *Kernel*.

WITH

Other Particulars equally Useful and Entertaining,
and for which the *gentle, kind, and courteous Reader*,
will be pleased to look over the following Pages.

παρα γιδαις. Vet. Epig. Logomus.
Keep your Countenance, if you can.

Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* Cheek,
And love to live in Dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his Sides. MILTON.

Published with the Approbation of the Learned in all Faculties,
By FERDINANDO FOOT, Esq;

L O N D O N :

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To my very good Friend
His IMPERIAL EXCELLENCY the
P U B L I C K,
These JESTS, EPIGRAMS, and EPITAPHS,

A R E

(In Gratitude for all *former* and *future* Favours)

Most Humbly Inscribed, by

His Imperial Excellency's

Most Obliged

Most Obedient,

Most Humble, and

Most Obsequious Servant

FERDINANDO FOOT.

To my very good Friend

His Imperial Excellency the

PUBLIC,

These last, BRIGANDS, and PRISONERS,

AND

(to Circulate for all Arms and Ammunition)

Most Humbly Submitted, by



His Imperial Excellency

Most

Most Obedient

Most Humble, and

Most Obedient Servant

FERDINANDO FOOT.

THE
PREFACE.

GENTLE READER,

THIS Preface, which you may call a Dedication, or by any other Name you please, was not wrote because the following stupendous Performance required it ; but, modestly speaking, to shew my own Wit. *Mr. Reader*, you understand me.

Wit is like the Blaze of an *Oxford* Faggot, where Wood is sold by the Ounce. — Or 'tis like Honour, ay, and like Honour too confined in the Chilobonti of the Brain, by two Membranes, which are so extreemly thin they never yet could be discovered by the most artful Anatomist. — Or Wit is like a Sun Dial. — Or like a Comet. — Or like a Mopstick. — Or like any Thing but Wisdom.

Having

Having thus proved mathematically, and beyond all Contradiction, what Wit is like; I shall now proceed to demonstrate to you what it is not like. Wit, then, for Instance, is not like the Writings, or any Part of the Writings of Dr. **** Mr. **** Madam **** Billy **** or any Writings whatsoever but my own.

Wit was begot by *Fancy*, born of *Fable*, fed by *Folly*, and has been generally nurst and maintained at the Expence of *Virtue* and *the Publick*.

Wit and Wisdom are for the most Part blended by the Poets, and considered as one and the same Thing; but Philosophers, who know better, place them at a great Distance, and diametrically opposite. To give an Instance, — The Rev. Dr. — has a Fever in his Brain, that precipitates him to scribble an Epigram, the Point of which is turned on his best Friend; and this we call Wit. But had the good Doctor, under the same Circumstances, swabbed himself in an easy Chair, and composed his Spirits to a Nap, by reading one of his own Sermons, and not satirized his best Friend, it had been Wisdom.

Wisdom

Wisdom is a substantial Being, Wit an imaginary one ; and between these two was begot *Humour*, who is a sort of Hermaphrodite, and neither real nor imaginary. Wisdom was always greatly enamoured with Truth, because she was naked, and between them was begotten *Good Nature* ; but she long since died of a Hectic under the Hands of Dr. — So that the only Beings that preside over Poets (except the *Muses*, who, by the Way, are become common Prostitutes) are *Wisdom*, *Wit*, and *Humour* ; who seat themselves in the Brain, and there make as much Bustle, as *Pride*, *Love*, and *Reason* did in the Breast of the Princess *Perriwinkle*, whose Soliloquy on that Occasion, I shall give you from the Pen of my ingenious Friend Mr. *Ebenezer Pentweazel*.

[The Princess *Perriwinkle* sola, attended by fourteen Maids of great Honour.]

Sure such a Wretch as I was never born,
 By all the World deserted and forlorn.
 This bitter sweet, this Honey Gall to prove,
 And all the Sugar and Vinegar of Love.
 Pride, Love, and Reason will not let me rest,
 But make a devilish Bustle in my Breast.
 To wed with *Fitzgig* Pride, Pride, Pride denies.
 Put on a *Spanish* Padlock, Reason cries ;
 But tender gentle Love with every Wish com-
 plies.

Pride

Pride, Love, and Reason fight till ye are cloy'd.
 And each by each in mutual Wounds destroy'd.
 Thus when a Barber and a Collier fight,
 The Barber beats the luckless Collier — white.
 The dusty Collier heaves his ponderous Sack,
 And big with Vengeance beats the Barber — black.
 In comes the Brick-dust Man with Grime o'er-
 spread,
 And beats the Collier and the Barber — red.
 Black, red, and white in various Clouds are toss'd,
 And in the Dust they raise, the Combatants are
 lost.

Various are the Opinions of the Learned concerning these my Labours. Mr. CONCORD, the *Grammarians*, tells me there is not a Word of *English* in the whole Book. Mr. CYPHER, the *Arithmetician*, has already sent me an Account, cast up, of six thousand Faults, for the Discovery of which he has employ'd every Rule in his Art, except *Reduction*. Mr. FLO-RISH, the *Rhetorician*, assures me it is wrote without *Invention* or *Disposition*; and that it is impossible to pronounce it with any Degree of *Elocution*. Mr. PUFF, the *Poet*, has wrote me a Panegyric on the Occasion; but then he and I have agreed to rub Elbows. Mr. PUZZLE, the *Logician*, has oblig'd me with his Observations in Mood and Figure, A, E, I, O, *Barbara*, *Celarent Darii terio Baralipon*, and proved syllogistically, that I am the cleverest Fellow in the World, except himself.

himself. Mr. CARP, the *Critic*, sent me a Botcher to mend my Work, a snarling Puppy! Mr. RUST, the *Antiquarian*, is very angry, and of Opinion that the Ancients did not write in my Manner. A certain DIVINE also shakes his Head and says, People had better read Sermons; and a PHYSICIAN declares publicly that it has made many of his Patients mad; for which my good Friend the Lawyer assures me the Doctor is liable to an Action, and desires my Leave to cloath him with a Suit. Mr. FATHOM, a mighty Scholar! a living *Lexicon*! a Gentleman who has read the *Great Grammar of the Universe*, and obtained an intimate Acquaintance with *Men and Things*, sends me Word that there is no Sense in my Book; but assures me, at the same Time, that I need not be disheartened on that Account, for it is the more likely to sell; and to verify this he refers me to several senseless Pieces that have lately been published with Success; and to the *Taste of the Times*. My Bookseller also, by Way of Consolation, and to lead me out of this Labyrinth, informs me, that he has great Interest with a Pastry-Cook, who lives near him; and that he can help me off with the greatest Part of the Impression, if the Paper be of good Substance.

But

But, after all the Opinions of these great People, I shall rely on my own Judgment which I think preferable to that of any other Man, or any Body of Men, whatsoever.



THE



T H E

INTRODUCTION,

By the frequent Perusal of which any Man (endowed with proper Talents) may learn to tell a Story with a good Grace, and so as to engage the Attention of the Audience, and excite in them Mirth and good Humour.

AS *Story-telling* is a great Help, and gives Life to Conversation, so should they, who are possessed of this Art, or rather *Knack*, be very careful to chuse pertinent Circumstances, and never tell any Stories, but such as may seem to arise out of the Subject-matter of Discourse, or may serve to illustrate and enliven it : For *Story-telling* doth not consist so much in Wit, as in Humour, which must be frequently aided and assisted by cheerful Looks and whimsical Agitations. I will therefore venture to affirm, that the Success of a Story, in a great Measure, depends upon the Make of the Body, and Formation of the Features of him that relates it ; so that a *Story-teller* is born, as well as a Poet. Again, there is a Kind of a *Drama* in the forming of a Story, and the Manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an *Epigram*. It is a miserable Thing, after one hath raised the Expectation of the Company, to pursue the Matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a *Story-teller* to end his relation by saying, *That's all*. It is therefore necessary to leave off

B in

in time, and end smartly. Thus much may suffice to shew the Nature of Story-telling in general, and some of the principal Ingredients required in the Composition of a Story-teller.

But this being the Art of entertaining Company, which every body aims at, and almost every one fails in, it may be proper to offer some more particular Rules and Examples to regulate the Conduct of those, who engage in it. I know not any Thing that commands our Attention with more Delight, when a Person has a sufficient Stock of Talents for it, such as good Sense, true Humour, a clear Head, a Fluency of Words, and a Variety of proper Gestures, to give Life and Spirit to what he says. But, if any of these are wanting, the Audience, instead of being diverted, are disobliged; and if the Person be utterly void of them all, as is very often the Case, he becomes a Nuisance to the Company, and they are upon the Rack all the Time he speaks. It has sometimes fallen to my Lot, that a Man, whom I never offended, has laid me under the Persecution of a long Story, and compelled me to hear what neither concerned himself nor me, nor indeed any body else; and at the same time he was as much in earnest, as if both our Lives and Fortunes, and the Felicity of the whole Kingdom depended upon what he said. A Humour very unaccountable! That a Man shall be letting off Words for an hour or two, with a very innocent Intention, and after he has done his best, only makes me uneasy, and himself contemptible.

This natural Infirmary in Men is not only confined to *Story-telling*, but appears likewise in every Essay whatsoever of their Intellectuals. For Instance, If one of them be a Preacher of God's Word, by far-fetch'd Criticisms, numerous Divisions and Subdivisions, incoherent Digressions, tedious Repetitions, useless Remarks, weak Answers to strong Objections, Inferences to no Premises, tedious Exhortations, and many other Methods of Protraction, he shall spin you out a Discourse for an Hour and a Quarter, unequally dispensing Opium and Edification to his Flock, there being seven Sleepers at least for one Hearer. If he be a Lawyer, he shall by an

an uncommon Way of Amusement, run away with a Subject, which might be explained in two Minutes, and dilate upon it two Hours, with such a Volubility of Tongue, such an Affluence of Expression, with something so like a good Style, and Manner of thinking, that the Judges and Jury attend with as much Gravity, as if there were a continued Chain of true Reasoning and solid Argument. If he be a Member of the *Upper* or *Lower* House, he does not proceed four Sentences, before the rest know where to have him an Hour hence; in the mean time they divert one another, in talking of Matters indifferent till the Gentleman has done. I could bring many more Instances, did I not think these sufficient for my present Purpose; besides, lest I should incur the same Reproach myself, I must in a few Words divide the Story-tellers, into the short, the long, the marvellous, the insipid, and the delightful.

The short *Story-teller* is he who tells a great deal in a few Words, engages your Attention, pleases your Imagination, or quickly excites your Laughter. Of this Rank were *Xenophon*, *Plutarch*, and *Macrobius*, among the Ancients; and Sir *Roger Shakefides*, *Tom Tickle*, and *Peter Point*, among the Moderns.

When the *Nephelai* of *Aristophanes*, a Satire upon *Socrates*, was acting, his Friends desired him to retire, and hide behind them. No, says *Socrates*, I will stand up here, where I may be seen, for now I think myself like a good Feast, and that every one has a Share of me.

Brasidas, the brave *Lacedæmonian* General, caught a Mouse that bit him, and by that Means made its Escape. O *Jupiter*! said he, what Creature so contemptible, but may have its Liberty, if it will but contend for it?

Diogenes having sailed to *Chios*, while it was under the Dominion of the *Persians*, said in a full Assembly, the Inhabitants were Fools for erecting a College, and building Temples, since the *Persians* would not allow them the Privilege of making their own Priests, but sent them over the most illiterate of the *Magi*.

Augustus,

Augustus, while he was encamped with his Army somewhere near *Mantua*, was disturbed three Nights successively by the hooting of an Owl. Proclamation was made to the Soldiers, that whoever caught the Offender, so that he might be brought to justice, should have an ample Reward for his Pains. Every one was loyally engaged in the Pursuit of this Bird. At last, one more vigilant than the Rest, found him in a hollow Tree, so brought him in Triumph to the Emperor, who saw him with the greatest Pleasure; but gave the Soldier a Sum of Money, so far below his Expectation, that he let the Owl fly away that Instant: So true a Sense of Liberty ran through the very meanest of the *Romans*.

The long *Story-teller* is one who tells little or nothing in a great Number of Words; for this, many among the Moderns are famous, particularly the *French*; and among ourselves in this Kingdom we have a vast Number of the better Sort. As well as I can recollect there are six Deans, four Judges, six and thirty Counsellors at Law, sixty five Attornies, some few Fellows of the College, every Alderman through the whole Nation, except one, all old Gentlemen and Ladies without exception, five of the College of Physicians, three or four Lords, two hundred Squires, and some few People of Distinction beside.

I shall here insert a Fragment of a long Story, by way of Example, containing a hundred and twenty nine Words, which might have been said in these ten following, namely, *Nine Years ago, I was to preach for a Friend.*

I remember once, I think it was about seven Years ago——No, I lye, it was about nine Years ago, for it was just when my Wife was lying in of *Dichy*; I remember particularly, the Mid-wife would have had me stay, to keep her Company, and it was the heaviest Day of Storm and Rain, that I ever saw before or since; but because I engaged to preach for a very worthy Friend of mine, who lived about twenty Miles off, and this being *Saturday*, I could not defer it till the next Morning, tho' I had an excellent Nag, which could have rid it in three

three Hours ; I bought him of a Neighbour, one Mr. *Masterfon*, yet, because I would not put my Friend in a Fright, &c. Thus far he went in one Minute. The Story lasted an Hour ; so that upon a fair Computation he spoke seven thousand one hundred and forty Words more than he had occasion for. If a right Application was made of this Hint I have here given, it would be of admirable effect in the Dispatch of publick Business, as well as private Conversation ; nay, in the very writing of Books, for which I refer the Reader to the *Fable of the Bees*, and the two elaborate Treatises written by the learned Mr. *H——n*,

The *Marvellous* is he who is fond of telling such Things, as no Man alive, that has the least Use of his Reason, can believe. This Humour prevails very much in Travellers, and the vain-glorious ; but it is very pardonable, because no Man's Faith is impos'd upon ; or, if it should be so, no ill Consequences can attend Persons who are seriously extravagant, and expect another should give Credit to what he knows impossible for the greatest Dunce to swallow.

One of these, who had travelled to *Damascus*, told his Company, that the *Bees* of that Country were as big as *Turkies*. Pray, Sir, said a Gentleman, begging Pardon for the Question, How large are the Hives ? The same Size with ours, replied the Traveller. Very strange said the other. But how got they into their Hives ? That is none of my Business ! Egad ! Let them look to that.

Another who had travelled as far as *Persia*, spoke to his Man *John*, as he was returning Home, telling him, how necessary it was for a Traveller to draw Things beyond the Life, otherwise he could not hope for that Respect among his Countrymen, which by this Means he might have. But at the same Time, *John*, said he, wheresoever I shall dine, or sup, keep you close to my Chair, and if I do very much exceed the Bounds of Truth, punch me behind, that I may correct myself. It happened one Day that he dined with a certain Gentleman, who shall be nameless, where he affirm'd,
that

that he saw a *Monkey* in the Island of *Borneo*, that had a Tail threeſcore Yards long. *John* punch'd him. I am certain it is fifty at leaſt. *John* gave him t'other Touch. I remember it lay over a Quickſet-hedge, and therefore cou'd not be leſs than Thirty. *John* at him again. I cou'd take my Oath it was Twenty. This did not ſatisfy *John*. Hereupon the Maſter turn'd about in a Rage, and ſaid, Damn you, for a Puppy, wou'd you have the *Monkey* without any Tail at all ?

Did not the famous Dr. *Burnet*, whoſe Hiſtory is much of the ſame Stamp with his Travels, affirm, that he ſaw an *Elephant* play at Ball ? And that grave Gentleman *Yſbrant Ides*, in his Travels through *Muſcovy* to *China*, affures us, that he ſaw *Elephants* which were taught to low like *Cows*, to yell like *Tygers*, and to mimic the ſound of a Trumpet. But their higheſt Perfection, as he relates it, was that of ſinging like Canary Birds. However, this is not ſo marvellous, as what a Gentleman told a full Company in my hearing within this Fortnight. That he had ſeen a Show at *Briſtol*, which was a *Hare*, taught to ſtand on her hind Legs, and bow to all the Company ; to each Perſon in particular, with a very good Grace, and then proceed to beat ſeveral Marches on the Drum. After this, a *Dog* was ſet on the Table. His Maſter, the *Show-man*, made many grievous Complaints againſt him for High Crimes and Miſdemeanors. The *Hare* knits her Brows, kindles her Eyes like a Lady, falls in a Paſſion, attacks the *Dog* with all her Rage and Fury, as if ſhe had been his Wife, ſcratches, bites, and cuffs him round the Table, till the Spectators had enough for their Money.

There is a certain Gentleman now in *Ireland*, moſt remarkably fond of the *Marvellous*, (but this thro' Vanity,) who, among an infinite Number of the like Rarities, affirms, that he has a *Carp* in a Pond, by itſelf, which for twenty Years paſt ſupply'd him and his Friends with a very good Diſh of Fiſh, when they either came to dine or ſup with him. And the manner of it is thus : The Cook-Maid goes with a large Kitchen-Knife, which has a Whiſtle in its Handle, ſhe

no sooner blows it, but the *Carp* comes to the Sluice, and turns up his Belly, till she cuts out as much as she has occasion for, and then away it scuds. The Chafin is fill'd in a Day or two, and the *Carp* is as sound as a *Roach*, and ready for the Knife again. Now if he and his Cook-maid took the most solemn Oath to the Truth of this, or the most sanctified *Quaker* shou'd say *Yea* to it, which is made equal to any Pre-late's Oath, I wou'd no more give Credit to them, than I wou'd to the Colonel, who said he was at the Battle of *Landen*, where his Majesty King *William* of glorious Memory lost the Day : And this Colonel, being in the utmost Confusion, fled amongst the rest, and swore he had galloped above two Miles after his Horse's Head was shot off by a Cannon-Ball, which he shou'd not have mis'd, if the poor Creature had not stopp'd at a River-side to drink.

I shou'd be glad to spend an Evening with half a dozen Gentlemen of this uncommon Genius, being certain they wou'd improve upon one another ; and thereby I might have an Opportunity of observing how far the *Marvellous* cou'd be carried, or whether it has any Bounds at all.

The *Inspid*, who may not improperly be called the *Soporific*, is one, who goes plodding on, in a heavy dull Relation of unimportant Facts ; you shall have an Account from such a Person, of every minute Circumstance, which happen'd in the Company where he has been ; what *he* did, and what *they* did, what *they* said, and what *he* said, with a Million of trite Phrases, with an *and so*, beginning every Sentence, and, *to make a long Story short*, and, *as I was saying*, with many more Expletives of equal Signification. It is a dreadful Thing, when Men have neither the Talent of speaking, nor the Discretion of holding their Tongues ; and that, of all People, such as are least qualify'd, are commonly the most earnest in this Way of Conversation.

The *Delightful Story-teller* is one, who adds not a Word too much, or says too little, who can, in a care-
less

less Manner, give a great deal of Pleasure to others, and desires rather to divert, than be applauded ; who shews good Understanding, and a delicate Turn of Wit, in every thing that comes from him ; who can entertain his Company better with the History of a Child and its *Hobby-Horse*, than one of the *Soporifics* can with an Account of *Alexander* and *Bucephalus*. Such a Person is not unlike a bad Reader, who makes the most ingenious Piece detestable, by drawing it through his Mouth. But, to return to the *delightful Story-teller* ; I can't describe him by any Words so well as his own, therefore take the following *Story*, to shew him in the most agreeable Light.

“ A Mountebank in *Leicester-Fields*, had drawn a huge Assembly about him ; among the rest, a fat unwieldy Fellow, half stifled in the Press, wou'd be every Fit crying out, Lord ! What a filthy Crowd is here ! Pray, Good People, give Way a little ! What a Devil has rak'd this Rabble together ? Zounds ! What squeezing is this ? Honest Friend, remove your Elbow. At last, a Weaver, who stood next him, cou'd hold no longer. A Plague confound you, said he, for an over-grown Sloven ; and who, in the Devil's name, helps to make up the Crowd half so much as yourself ? Don't you consider, with a Pox, that you take up more room with that Carcase, than any five here ? Is not the Place as fit for us, as for you ? Bring your own Guts to a reasonable Compass, and be damn'd ; and then I'll engage, we shall have Room enough for us all.”

This I transcribed from a celebrated Author, with great Pleasure, and do recommend it earnestly to my Countrymen, as the true Standard of *Story-telling*, both as to Style and Manner, and every Thing requisite, not only to please the Hearer, but to gain his Favour and Affection. I love *Stories*, and always encourage them, when they are properly apply'd and innocent, in Opposition to those gloomy Mortals, who disdain every thing but Matters of Fact. Those grave Fellows are my Aversion, who sift every thing with the utmost Nicety, and find the Malignity of a Lie, in a Piece of

of Humour, push'd a little beyond exact Truth. Nor have I any Opinion of those, who have got a Trick of keeping a steady Countenance, who cock their Hats, and look Glum, when a pleasant Thing is said, and ask, *Well?* and *what then?* Men of Wit and Parts shou'd treat one another with Benevolence, and I will lay it down as a Maxim, that if you seem to have a good Opinion of another Man's Wit, he will allow you to have Judgment.

Nay, my old Friend Sir *Roger Shakefide*, who, in my way of thinking, tells a Story with as good a Grace as any Man living, will be often silent on this Occasion, and tho' every Body knows he can speak well, he will readily join in the general laugh, to support the Merit, or Applause of a Rival, well observing, that a Man who talks of any thing he is famous for, has very little to get, but a great deal to lose. This is the Part the prudent Man shou'd act, who has gain'd Superiority in any Branch of Knowledge. And, methinks, there is not a handsomer Thing said of Mr. *Cowley*, in his whole Life, than that none but his intimate Friends ever discover'd he was a great Poet by his Discourse.

But to come nearer the Point in Hand. When Sir *Roger* tells a Story, he always personates him upon whom it is founded; If a *Statesman*, he shrugs his shoulders, looks grave and wise; if a *Divine*, he puts on an Air of Sanctity; if a *Beau*, he plays the Coxcomb; and if a Coxcomb, he plays the Fool. Thus is his Gesture suited to all sorts of People he is about to represent, which is a moving, and material Qualification in *Story-tellers*.

Again, he is never prolix, or administers *Opiates*, instead of *Cordials*. Therefore, for the time to come, be it hereby enacted, that if any Person, of what Rank soever, shall presume to exceed six Minutes in a Story, to *hum*, or *haw*, use *Hyphens* between his Words, or Digressions, or offers to engage the Company to hear another Story, when he has done, or speaks one Word more than is necessary, or flammers in his
Speech;

Speech ; that then it shall, and may be lawful, for any one of the said Company, or the whole Company together, to pull out his, hers, or their Watches, and to make use of broad Hints, or Innuendo's for him the said *Story-teller*, to break off, altho' abruptly ; otherwise he is to have a Glove or Handkerchief cramm'd into his Mouth for the first Default ; and for the second, to be kick'd out of Company.



THE



T H E N U T - C R A C K E R .

MY Friend the Rev. Mr. *** who has as much Wit and Humour, and at the same time as much good Nature as any Man living, received t'other Day an Invitation to Dinner, wrote on the *Ten of Hearts*, by a young Lady of great Beauty, Merit, and Fortune. This, my Friend thought a good Opportunity to give the Lady a distant Hint of his Hopes, he therefore wrote the following Lines on the same Card, and return'd it by her own Servant.

Your Compliments, Lady, I pray now forbear,
For old *English* Service is much more sincere ;
You've sent me *Ten Hearts*, but the *Tythe's* only mine,
So give me one H E A R T , and take back t'other Nine.

This brought on an Intimacy and Friendship between them, but whether the Gentleman will succeed in his Attempt, is at present uncertain ; however, Gentle Reader, you may depend on having the best Information we can give you in our next Edition.

Some Pretenders to the Mathematicks, at a Tavern near St. Paul's Church-yard, were debating t'other Day about the Longitude, while the Drawer was waiting, and one of these mighty Philosophers observ'd that the Longitude might be easily discover'd, cou'd they but find the perpetual Motion ; upon this, the Drawer ran out, and calling his Mistress, *Here, Gentlemen*, says he, *here is the Perpetual Motion for you, and now I hope you'll find the Longitude*. Madam was angry, and taking up the Bottle, knock'd him down, *There, Sirrah*, says she, *learn to know your own Latitude, and for the future don't make too free with your Superiors*.

A cer-

A certain Nobleman, who has too much Fortitude and Greatness of Soul, to be shaken with every Breath, was in *Ireland* during the late Rebellion in *Scotland*, and one Morning, when it was reported that the Roman Catholics were about to rise, a Gentleman ran into his Chamber very abruptly, *My Lord, my Lord, we're undone*, says he, *all Dublin is up. Why, what's a Clock?* says the Nobleman. *Ten, my Lord*, answer'd the Gentleman. *Why then, truly*, says his Lordship with seeming Unconcern, *I'll get up myself, for I think every Man shou'd be up at ten o' Clock*

I happen'd once, since these great Hoops were in Fashion, to be at a Christning, when a Lady, who had more Vivacity than Discretion, began to rally a little Gentleman in Company about the Marriage of his Friend, who, it seems, was also a very little Man. *'Tis surprizing to me*, says the Lady, *that Miss *** who we all know to be a Girl of good Sense, shou'd ever think of such a diminutive Animal; why I cou'd hide fifty of them under my Petticoat.*—*Madam*, quoth the Gentleman, *I don't doubt but you have had a hundred there before now.*

An Arch Boy, belonging to one of the Ships of War at *Portsmouth*, had purchased of his Play-fellows a Magpye, which he carried to his Father's House, and was at the Door feeding it, when a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who had an Impediment in his Speech, coming up, *T—T—T—Tom*, says the Gentleman, *can your Mag T—T—Talk yet?* *Ay, Sir*, says the Boy, *better than you, or I'd wring his Head off.*

A late discarded Minister seeing a Country Fellow fall down in the Dirt, said to him, *Well, Dick, I'm sorry for your Misfortune. Thank your Honour*, reply'd the Countryman, *but don't be concern'd, for there's many Ups and Downs in the World.*

The same arch Fellow being one day a little in Liquor, tumbled into a Ditch near *London*, and as he was standing with the Filth almost up to his Chin, one of his Companions said, *You have made yourself in a fine*

fine Pickle now! *Ay, ay, reply'd Richard, shaking his Ears, I have done, what none of you dare do.*

Some Gentlemen riding over a Common by a Turf-cutter, enquir'd the Way to *Guilford*; when he had directed them right, they ask'd what time o' Day it was? The Man, looking up to the Sun, told them it was Ten. But one of the Gentlemen, taking out his Watch, said it was not Ten yet. *Then, says the Fellow, You may ride till it is and be pox'd, if you will; if you know better than me, why did you ask the Question, and be D—d?*

A certain Nobleman being call'd to *Scarborough* to drink the Waters, as he was walking one Morning, met *Dicky Dickenson*, and civilly ask'd how he did? *Do, my Lord, reply'd he; I do as most of you Noblemen do, I have turn'd off my Wife, and I keep my Whore.*

A Person in Company railing against a Gentleman, lately deceas'd, one of them, to vindicate him, said, He thought him not so very bad, as he had been represented, adding, *To my Knowledge, Sir, he was very charitable; and Charity, you know, covers a Multitude of Sins. Faith, Sir, so it ought,* said the first, *for he had a Multitude to cover.*

A Lady, belonging to a wealthy Parish in *London*, having had the Misfortune to bury several of her Family in a little Time; the Sexton brought her a Bill, which she thought unreasonable, demanded some Abatement, and tender'd him five Shillings less than he had charg'd. The Sexton ey'd the Money, and at length took it up, saying, *As you have been a good Chap, Madam, and I expect more of your Custom, I'll take it for this Time; but I really can't afford it.*

A certain great Man having a good Living vacant, by the Death of a former Incumbent, was solicited by many neighbouring Clergymen of great Learning, for the next Presentation, all whom he refus'd, because they cou'd not inform him who was *Melchisedeck's* Fa-

B

ther ;

ther ; of which a young Fellow of a College in *Oxford* hearing, he came to the great Man, and ask'd it for himself ; Sir, says he, if you can tell me who was *Melchisedeck's* Father, you may stand a good Chance. *That I'll do instantly*, reply'd the young Gentleman, *and who was his Mother too*. And, putting his Hand in one Pocket, pulls out a Purse of Guineas, saying, There is his Father, my Lord ; then turning his Hand to the other Pocket, took another Purse, and this, my Lord, is his Mother, says he. *Well*, answer'd his Lordship, *this is something to the Purpose, I confess ; let me only count the Syllables of their Names, and if they are right, you shall have the Living*.

A young Fellow, who fancied himself a good Player, resolv'd to take to the Stage, and having offer'd his service to the Proprietor of *Covent-Garden-House*, was desir'd to speak some Lines of Tragedy by way of Probation, before the great Mr. *Quin*. While he was tearing away his Tragedy Speech, a Dog, who belong'd to some of the Company, set up a howling, which drown'd the Voice of the Actor : Hereupon Mr. *Quin* ask'd whose Dog it was ? and being answer'd, *He's a Dog of Judgment*, by Jove, says he ; and then turn'd away on his Heel.

Another came also to offer himself, whose Talent lay in Comedy, and having given a Specimen of his Capacity to the said Mr. *Quin*, he ask'd if he had ever play'd any Parts in Comedy ? The former answer'd, Yes ; he had play'd *Abel* in the *Alchymist*. *I am rather of Opinion you play'd Cain*, says *Quin*, *for I am certain you murder'd Abel*.

One of the Comedians walking down *Bow-street Covent-Garden*, saw a poor miserable Object asking Charity ; he stop'd and reliev'd him, saying at the same Time, *This Man must either be in very great Distress, or a very good Actor*.

A certain Preacher having changed his Religion for a good Benefice, was much blam'd by some of his Friends for deserting them. To excuse himself, he as-sur'd

sur'd them he shou'd never have done it, *but for seven Reasons* ; being ask'd what they were ? he answer'd, *A Wife and six Children.*

A pious Country Gentleman, going through *Fleet-street*, and seeing several Men kissing the Whores, said, *he was glad to find so much Christian Charity in London ; for he had heard it was a wicked Place.*

A Countryman of merry Disposition, being inclin'd to joke with one of his Neighbours ; *Hodge*, says he, *how many Cuckolds do you think there are in our Town, excepting yourself ? Excepting myself ! What do you mean by that*, quoth *Hodge* ? *Nay, don't be angry*, says the other. *How many are there then including yourself ?*

An *Irishman* on board a Man of War, was desir'd by his Mess-mate to go down and fetch a Can of small Beer ; *Teague*, knowing that Preparations were making to sail, absolutely refus'd. *Arrab ! by my Soul*, says he ; *and so while I am gone into the Cellar to fetch Beer, the Ship will sail and leave me behind.*

A Country Gentleman, having married a buxom Widow, a few Weeks after Marriage, found it necessary to withdraw from the Business of Love for a little while ; but not caring to let his Wife into the Secret, he procur'd a Subpœna, to be sent him to attend as an Evidence at one of the Courts in *London* ; which, shewing her, he took leave, with seeming Regret, and set forward on his Journey, and was absent about a Month. A few Days after his Return home, the said Gentleman and his Lady were looking out at a Window at their Cows grazing in a Field adjoining ; *My Dear*, said he, *what is become of the Bull, which us'd to be so brisk among the Cows here ? Oh ! Child*, says she, *he's subpœna'd, I suppose, to the other End of the Field.*

A young Recruit, boasting of his Bravery in a Country Village, and telling the People what mighty Feats he wou'd do ; an old experienc'd Soldier, willing to try his Valour, took Occasion to quarrel with him ;
and

and after many high Words, bid the Braggadoeio clap his Hand to his Sword ; *No, no, not at your Command truly, says Bravo, you are no Captain of mine.*

One of the mendicant Friars in *France*, and his Ass loaded with Provisions he had collected, being crossing a Ferry ; the poor Beast, with the Weight of his Load, and the Coldness of the Season, trembled and shook exceedingly. One in the Boat, thinking to be witty, told the Friar, *his Brother there trembled. Ay, says the Friar, if you had a Cord round your Neck, Irons at your Feet, and a Man of my Profession at your Elbow, you wou'd tremble too.*

A Physician, boasting his great Knowledge in the Profession, said, he never heard any Complaint from his Patients ; a By-stander wittily reply'd, *Very likely, Doctor, for the Faults of Physicians are generally buried with their Patients.*

A Man was sued for the Value of a Horse, which he hired of his Neighbour, and by his Carelessness had suffer'd to stray into a Forest, and be devour'd by Wolves. After Evidence was heard in Favour of the Plaintiff, the Defendant was ask'd whether he did not allow that the Horse was a very good one. *I believe he was, reply'd he ; for the Wolves did not leave a Bit of him.*

One seeing a Friend going before him in the Street, call'd, *Hallo*. A haughty German, passing by at the time, ask'd what Business he had to cry *Hallo*, while he pass'd by ? *Damn you, says the Englishman, what Business had you to pass by, while I was crying Hallo ?*

A Man, complaining to his Friend, that his Wife's Drunkenness and ill Conduct had almost ruin'd him, concluded, as the Vulgar usually do ; and, for Goodness sake, *what's to be said for it ? Nothing that I know, says his Friend, can be said for it, but much against it.*

An honest Husbandman, going from the Village where he liv'd, to the neighbouring Town, his Wife desir'd him to buy her a Pair of Shoes, which he did, and gave her at his Return. The good Woman had a Gallant, with whom she us'd to amuse herself, in her Husband's Absence ; and, one Day forgetting to fasten the Door, the good Man surpriz'd them, when together on the Bed. Upon this, he very calmly calls out, *So ! so ! Well ! if you always go on at this Rate, the Shoes will last a good while.*

A handsome young Gentleman, having married an extremely ugly Lady, who was very rich ; was ask'd by his Friends, how he cou'd think of marrying so ordinary a Woman ? *Look ye, said he, I bought her by Weight, and paid nothing for Fashion.*

A Country Farmer was observ'd never to be in good Humour, when he was hungry, which caused his Wife to watch carefully the Time of his coming Home, and always to have Dinner ready on the Table. One Day he surpriz'd her, and she had only Time to set a Mess of Broth ready for him. He, according to Custom, began to open his Pipes, and maunder over it, forgetting what he was about, and burnt his Mouth to some Purpose. His Wife, seeing him in that Condition, comforts him in the following Manner : *See how it is now ; had you kept your Breath to cool your Potage, you had not burnt your Mouth, John.*

A Lady at Tunbridge having contracted a large Acquaintance among the *Beaus* and pretty Fellows there, a Gentleman ask'd, *what she wou'd do with them all ?* Oh ! said she, *they pass off like the Waters.* And pray, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman, *do they all pass the same Way ?*

A young Fellow, riding down a Hill, and doubting the Foot of it was boggy, ask'd a Clown that was ditching near him, if it was hard at the Bottom ? Ay, says the Lout, 'tis hard enough at the Bottom, I'll warrant you. But in half a dozen Steps the Horse sunk up to the Saddle-skirts, which made the young
Gallant

Gallant whip, spur, curse and swear ; Thou Whore-son Rascal, says he, did not you tell me it was hard at the Bottom ? *Ay*, reply'd the Ditcher, *but you are not half way to the Bottom yet.*

A Person was formerly try'd at *Kingslon* for having two Wives, before the late Lord Chief Justice *Holt* ; and one whose Name was *Unit*, was to have been the principal Evidence against him. After much calling for him, word was brought to his Lordship that he cou'd not be found. *No*, says the Judge ! then all I can say, is, *Mr. Unit stands for a Cypher.*

A drunken Fellow carrying his Wife's Bible to pawn at an Ale-house, for a Quatern of Gin, the Landlord refus'd to take it. *What*, says the Fellow, *will neither my Word, nor the Word of God pass with you ?*

In Queen *Anne's* Reign, the Lord *Oxford*, as was said, got a Number of Peers made at once to serve a particular Turn ; being met the next Day by Lord *Wharton*, So, Robin, said he, *I find what you lost by Tricks, you have got by Honours.*

King *Henry* the VIII. appointing a Nobleman to go an Embassy to *Francis* I. at a very dangerous Juncture, he begg'd to be excus'd, saying, such a threatening Letter to so hot a Prince as *Francis* I. might go near to cost him his Life. Fear not, says old *Harry* ; if the *French* King shou'd take away your Life, I'll revenge it by taking off the Heads of many *Frenchmen*, now in my Power. *But of all these Heads, reply'd the Nobleman, there may not be one to fit my Shoulders.*

A Justice of Peace seeing a Parson on a very stately Horse, rid' g between *London* and *Hampstead*, said to some Gendemen with him, See what a beautiful Horse that proud Parson is mounted upon ? I'll banter him a little. *Doctor*, said he, *you don't follow the Example of your great Master, who was content to ride upon an Ass.* *Why really, Sir,* reply'd the Parson, *the*

the King has lately made so many Just-asses, that an honest Clergyman can hardly find one to ride on, if he had a Mind to it.

It was a usual Saying of King *Charles II.* that Sailors got their Money like Horses, and spent it like Asses, and the following Story, I think, is an Instance of it. One Sailor coming to another on Pay-day, desir'd to borrow twenty Shillings of him. The money'd Man fell to telling out the Sum in Shillings, but a half-Crown thrusting its Head in, put him out, and he begun to tell again; when an impertinent Crown-piece was as officious as his half-Brother had been, and again interrupted the Tale; so taking up a Handful of Silver, he cry'd, Here, *Jack*, give me a Handful when your Ship's paid; what a Pox signifies counting it?

A very modest young Gentleman of the County of *Tipperary* having attempted many Ways in Vain, to acquire the Affections of a Lady of great Fortune, at last resolv'd to try what cou'd be done by the Help of Musick, and therefore entertain'd her with a Serenade under her Window at Midnight; but she order'd her Servant to drive him thence, by throwing Stones at him. *Oh! my Friend*, says one of his Companions, *your Musick is as powerful as that of Orpheus; for it draws the very Stones about you.*

Alphonso, King of *Naples* sent a Moor (who had been Captive a long Time) into *Barbary*, with a considerable Sum of Money to buy Horses, and to return at a certain Time. There was about the King a Buffoon or Jester, who had a Table-book, wherein he used to register any remarkable Absurdity that happen'd at Court. The day the Moor was dispatch'd to *Barbary*, the Jester waiting upon the King at Supper, his Majesty call'd for his Table-book, and read how *Alphonso* King of *Naples* had sent *Beltrami* the Moor, who had been a long Time his Prisoner, to *Morocco* his own Country, with so many thousand Crowns to buy Horses. The King turn'd to him, and ask'd, why he insert'd that? Because, said the Jester, I think he will never come back to be a Prisoner again; so
you

you have lost both Man and Money. But, if he shou'd return, reply'd the King, then your Jest is marr'd. No, Sir, answer'd the Buffoon, *for if he shou'd return, I will blot out your Name, and put in his for a Fool.*

A Taylor sent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money ; the Lawyer bid the Boy tell his Master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him, he must needs have the Money. Did't tell thy Master, said the Lawyer, I was not running away ? Yes, Sir, says the Boy ; but he bid me tell you, *that he was.*

The late Earl of S—— kept an *Irish* Footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making Bulls, as the most learned of his Countrymen. My Lord sent him one day with a Present to a certain Judge, who, in Return sent my Lord half a Dozen live Partridges, with a Letter. The Partridges fluttering in the Basket upon *Teague's* Shoulder, as he was carrying them home, he set it down, and opened the Lid to quiet them ; whereupon they all flew away. Oh ! the Devil burn me, said he, I am glad you are gone. But when he came home, and his Lord had read the Letter, why *Teague*, said my Lord, I find there are half a dozen Partridges in the Letter : Now, Arrah, dear Honey, says *Teague*, I am glad you have *found* them in the Letter, for they are all *lost* out of the Basket.

Gun Jones, who had rais'd a handsome Fortune from a small Beginning, happening to have some Words with a Person who had known him for some Time, was ask'd, how he cou'd have the Impudence to give himself such Airs to one who knew him seven Years ago, when he had hardly a Rag to his A——e ? You lie, Sirrah, reply'd *Jones*, for seven Years ago, I had nothing but Rags to my A——e

A young Fellow, who had made away with all he had, even to his last suit of Clothes, one said to him, Now, I hope you'll own yourself a happy Man ; for you have put an End to all your Cares. How so ? said

said the Gentleman. *Because, reply'd the other, you have nothing left to take care of.*

A certain Person came to a Cardinal in *Rome*, and told him that he had brought his Eminence a dainty white Palfry, but he fell lame by the Way. Why then, says the Cardinal, I'll tell thee what to do. Go to such a Cardinal, and such a One, naming half a Dozen, and tell them the same Story. Now, had your Horse been *sound*, you cou'd have pleas'd but *one*; but as he is *lame*, you shall please half a Dozen.

Sir T. P. brought a Bill into Parliament, which wanted some Amendment, and not being attended to by the House, he frequently repeated, that he thirsted to mend his Bill. Upon which, a worthy Member rose up, and said, Mr. Speaker, *I humbly move, as that Gentleman thirsts so much, he may be allow'd to mend his Draught.*

A *Welchman* and an *Englishman* vapouring one Day about the Fruitfulness of their Country, the *Englishman* said, there was a Close near the Town where he was born, which was so very fertile, that if a *Kiboo* was put in over Night, it wou'd be so cover'd with Grass, as to be very difficult to find the next Day. *Splut*, says the *Welchman*, that's nothing. *there is a Close where bur was porn, where you may put your Horse in-over Night, and not be able to find him next Morning.*

One told another, who was not us'd to be clothed often, that his new Coat was too short for him. That's true, said he; *but it will be long enough before I get another.*

Marcus Livius, who was Governor of *Tarentum*, when *Hanibal* took it, being envious at seeing so much Honour paid to *Fabius Maximus*, said one day in the Senate, that it was he, not *Fabius Maximus* that caus'd the retaking of that City. *Fabius* smiling, said, *Indeed you speak the Truth; for, had you not lost it, I should never have retaken it.*

A Lady

A Lady that had married a Gentleman, who was a tolerable Poet, one day sitting alone with him, said, Come, my Dear, you write upon other People ; prithe, write something for me. Let me see what Epitaph you'll bestow on me when dead ? Oh ! my Dear, reply'd he, that's a melancholy Subject ! don't think of it. Nay, upon my Life you shall, says she. Come, I'll begin. *Here lies Bid.* To which he answer'd, Ah ! I wish she did.

Henry IV. of France, reading the following ostentatious Inscription on the Monument of a *Spanish* Officer ; Here lies the Body of *Don*, &c &c. *who never knew what fear was.* Then says the King, He never snuff'd a Candle with his Fingers.

The late facetious Mr. *Spiller*, being at the Rehearsal one *Saturday* Morning, the Time when the Actors are usually paid, was asking another, whether Mr. *Wood*, the Treasurer of the House, had any thing to say to them that Morning ? No, Faith *Jemmy*, reply'd the other ; I'm afraid there's no *Cole*, which is a cant Word for Money. Well, says *Spiller*, *if there's no Cole, we must burn Wood.*

A Countryman driving an *Ass* one day by St. *James's* Gate, which was very dull and restive, he was forc'd to beat him very much ; a Gentleman, coming out at the Gate, chid the Fellow for using his Beast so cruelly. Oh ! dear Sir, said the Countryman, *I am glad to find my Ass has a Friend at Court.*

Two Brothers coming to be executed for some enormous Crime, the Eldest was turn'd off first, without speaking one Word. The other mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Crowd, who listned attentively, expecting he wou'd make some Confession. Good People ! says he, *my Brother hangs before my Face, and you see what a lamentable Spectacle he makes. In a few Minutes I shall be turn'd off too, and then you will see a pair of Spectacles.*

A Prince

A Prince laughing at one of his Courtiers, whom he had employ'd in several Embassies, told him, he look'd like an Owl ; *I know not*, answer'd the Courtier, *what I look like ; but this I know, I have had the Honour several times to represent your Majesty's Person.*

An honest bluff Country Farmer meeting the Parson of the Parish in a By-lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected ; the Parson, with an erected Crest told him, that he was better fed than taught. *Very true*, indeed, reply'd the Farmer ; *for you teach me, and I feed myself.*

A feedy, poor half-pay Captain, who was much given to blab out every thing he heard, was told, there was but one Secret in the World, he cou'd keep, *and that was where he lodg'd.*

A Gentleman talking of his Travels, a Lady in Company said, she had been a great deal farther, and seen more Countries than he. Nay then, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman, *as Travellers, we may lie together by Authority.*

When the Duke of Ormond was young, and came first to Court, he happen'd to stand next the Lady Dorchester one Evening, in the Drawing-Room ; who being but little upon the Reserve, wou'd every now and then let a Fart. Upon this Occasion, he look'd her full in the Face, and laugh'd. What's the matter, my Lord, says she ? Oh ! I heard it, Madam, reply'd the Duke. *You'll make a fine Courtier, indeed*, said she, *if you mind every thing you hear in this Place.*

A Gentlewoman, who had two Gallants, growing big with Child, the Question was put, who shou'd be the Father ? when one of them who had a wooden Leg, offer'd to decide it thus ; ? *If the Child comes into the World with a wooden Leg, I will father it ; if not, it shall be yours.*

The Standers by, to comfort a poor Man, who lay on his Death-bed, told him, he shou'd be carried to Church by four lusty proper Fellows. *I thank you,* said he, *but I had much rather go myself.*

Cato Major us'd to say, *That wise Men learnt more by Fools, than Fools by wise Men.*

A Topping Fellow was one Night making his Will over his Bottle; I will, said he, give fifty Pounds to five Taverns, to drink to my Memory, when I am dead; namely, Ten Pounds to the *Salutation* for Courtiers; ten Pounds to the *Castle* for Soldiers; ten Pounds to the *Mitre* for Parsons; ten Pounds to the *Horns* for Citizens, and ten Pounds to the *Devil* for Lawyers.

A Traveller, coming into the Kitchen of an Inn, in a very cold Night, stood so near the Fire, that he burnt his Boots. An arch Wag, who sat in the Chimney-corner, cry'd out to him, Sir, you'll burn your Spurs presently. *My Boots you mean, I suppose,* says the Gentleman. *No Sir,* reply'd the other, *they are burnt already.*

A Gentleman sends for his Carpenter's Servant, to knock a Nail or two in his Study; after the Fellow had done, he scratch'd his Ears, and said, he hop'd the Gentleman wou'd give him something to make him drink. Make you drink, says the Gentleman! There's a pickled Herring for you; *if that won't make you drink, I'll give you another.*

A young Fellow, praising his Mistress before a very amorous Acquaintance, after having run over most of her Charms, he came at last to her majestic Gate, fine Air, and delicate slender Waist: Hold, says his Friend, go no lower if you love me. *But, by your leave,* says the other, *I hope to go lower, if she loves me.*

A Dog coming open-mouth'd at a Serjeant upon a March, he ran the Spear of his Halbert into his Throat, and kill'd him. The Owner coming out, rav'd extremely,

tremely, that his Dog was kill'd, and ask'd the Serjeant, *why he cou'd not as well have struck him with the blunt end of his Halbert? So I wou'd*, said he, *if he had run at me with his Tail.*

A certain Lady finding her Husband somewhat too familiar with her Chamber-maid, turn'd her away, saying, Huffy, I have no Occasion for such Sluts as you; *I hired you to do your own Business, not mine.*

Cato, the Cenfor, being ask'd how it came to pass, that he had no Statue erected for him, who had deserv'd so well of the Common-wealth; I had rather, said he, have this Question ask'd, than *why I had one.*

One asking another, which way a Man might use Tobacco, and have any Benefit from it? *By setting up a Shop to sell it*, said he, *for certainly there is no Profit to be had from it any other Way.*

An Officer in the Customs at the Port of *Liverpool*, running carelessly along the Ship's Gunnel, tip'd over-board, and was drowned. Being soon taken up, the Coroner's Jury was summon'd to sit upon the Body. One of the Jurymen returning home, was call'd to by an Alderman of the Town, and ask'd what Verdict they brought in, and whether they found *Felo de se?* *Ay, ay*, says the Jurymen, shaking his Noddle, he fell into the Sea sure enough.

Sir William D'Avenant the Poet, who had no Nose, going along the *Muse* one Day, a Beggar-woman follow'd him, saying, God preserve your Eye-sight. Why, good Woman, says he, dost thou pray so much for my Eye-sight? *Ab! dear Sir*, answer'd the Woman, *if it please God you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.*

A certain Lord had a termagant Wife, and at the same Time a Chaplain, who was a tolerable Poet, whom his Lordship desir'd to write a Copy of Verses on a Shrew. *I can't imagine*, said the Chaplain, *why*

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your Lordship shou'd want a Copy, who have so good an Original.

A young Gentleman, playing at Questions and Commands with some very pretty young Ladies, was commanded to take off a Garter from one of 'em ; but she, as soon as he laid hold on her Petticoats, ran into the next Room, where there was a Bed. *Now, Madam*, said he, *I bar squeaking. Bar the Door, you Fool*, said she.

An arch Wag said, *Tailors were like Woodcocks ; for they got their Substance by their long Bills.*

It is certainly the most transcendant Pleasure to be agreeably surpriz'd with the Confession of Love from an adored Mistress. A young Gentleman, having had great Misfortunes, came to his Mistress, and told her, he was reduc'd, even to the Want of five Guineas ; to which she reply'd, *I'm glad of it with all my Heart ! Are you so, Madam*, says he ? suspecting her Constancy : *Pray, for what Reason ? Because*, said she, *I can furnish you with five thousand.*

Daniel Purcell, the famous Punster, meeting with a Friend on the 30th of *January*, being King *Charles's* Martyrdom, they went to the *Salutation Tavern* on *Holbourn-hill*, where finding the Door shut, they knock'd. One of the Drawers, peeping through a little Wicket, ask'd, what they wou'd please to have ? *Have*, says *Daniel*, open your Door, and draw us a Pint of Wine. The Drawer answer'd, his Master wou'd not allow of it, for it was a Fast. *D—n your Master*, reply'd he, *for a precise Coxcomb ; is he not contented to fast himself, but must make his Doors fast too ?*

A Senator, who is not esteem'd the wisest Man in the House, has a Custom of shaking his Head when another speaks ; which giving Offence to a particular Person, he complain'd of the Indignity. Hereupon, one who had been acquainted with the said Gentleman from a Child, as he told the House, assur'd them it was only the Effect of an ill Habit : *For*, says

says he, *tho' he often shakes his Head, there is nothing in it.*

A charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country, where he resided, caus'd a large Causeway to be begun ; and as he was one Day overlooking the Workmen, a certain Nobleman passing by, said, *Well, Doctor, for all your Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the high Way to Heaven. Very true, reply'd the Doctor ; for if it had, I shou'd have wonder'd to meet your Lordship here !*

King Charles II. being prevail'd upon, by one of his Courtiers, to knight a very worthless Fellow, and of a mean Aspect ; when he was going to lay the Sword upon his Shoulder, our new Knight drew back, and hung down his Head, as if out of Countenance. *Don't you be asham'd, says the King ; 'tis I have the most Reason to be so.*

The Chaplain's Boy of a Man of War, being sent out of his own Ship on an Errand, to another ; the two Boys were conferring Notes about their Manner of Living. How often, says one, do you go to Prayers now ? Why, answer'd the other, in Case of a Storm, or the Apprehension of any Danger. Ay, says the first, there's some Sense in that ; but my Master makes us go to Prayers, *when there's no more Occasion for it, than for my running my Head against the Main-mast.*

King Charles II. having order'd a new Suit of Cloaths to be made, just at a Time, when Addressees were coming to him from all Parts of the Country ; Tom Killigrew went to the Taylor, and order'd him to make a very large Pocket on one Side the Coat, and a very small one on the other ; which, seeming very odd, when they were brought Home, the King ask'd the Meaning of it ? The Taylor said, Mr. Killigrew order'd it so. Killigrew was sent for, and being interrogated, said, *that the large Pocket was for the Addressees of his Majesty's Subjects, and the small one for the Money they wou'd give him.*

A Gentleman was saying one Day at the Tilt-yard Coffee-house, when it rain'd excessive hard, that it put him in Mind of the General Deluge. *Zoons*, Sir, says an old Campaigner that stood by, Who's that? I have heard of all the *Generals* in *Europe*, but him.

A young Gentleman, having got his Neighbour's Maid with Child, the Master, a grave Man, came to expostulate with him about it. Lord, Sir, said he, I wonder you cou'd do so! *Prithee, where is the Wonder*, says the other? *If she had got me with Child, you might have wonder'd indeed.*

Some Gentlemen, coming out of a Tavern pretty merry, a Link-boy cry'd, Have a Light, Gentlemen? Light yourself to the Devil, you Dog, says one of the Company. *Bless you, Master*, reply'd the Boy, *I can find the Way in the Dark—Shall I light your Worship thither?*

Sir *Godfrey Kneller* the Painter, and the late Doctor *Ratcliffe* had a Garden in Common, but with one Gate; which Sir *Godfrey*, upon some Occasion, order'd to be nail'd up. When the Doctor heard of it, he said, he did not care what Sir *Godfrey* did to the Gate, so he did not paint it. This being told Sir *Godfrey*, *Well*, reply'd he, *I can take that, or any thing but Physick, from my good Friend, Doctor Ratcliffe.*

A Lieutenant of a Man of War, getting leave of his Captain to spend a Month or two in Town, lodg'd in a House, where there were two Sisters, to the Eldest of which he made his Addresses; but Matters not being brought to a Conclusion, before his Time was expir'd, he was oblig'd to leave his Lady, and return to his Ship. He had not been many Weeks on Board, before he received a melancholy Letter from his Mistress, in which she told him, that the Fruit of their Love now began to appear; and that, if he did not come and perform his Promise, her Reputation was gone. Among her other Complaints, she told him, that nothing vex'd her so much as the Reproaches of her Sister, who, upon

on the slightest Occasion, says she, calls me nothing but Whore ; *whereas, to my certain Knowledge, she wou'd have been a Whore too had she not miscarried.*

A facetious Cannon of *Windsor*, taking his Evening-walk as usual into the Town, met one of the Vicars at the Castle-gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous Port. So, says the Cannon, from whence comes you ? I don't know, Mr. Cannon, replies the Vicar ; *I have been spinning out this Afternoon with a few Friends.* Ay, and so now, says the Cannon, *you are reeling it home.*

A few Days before the Battle of *Fontenoy*, a Party of Hussars, who were foraging, met with a Party of *French* Horse, who came to reconnoitre, upon which a Skirmish ensu'd ; but the *French* being soon put to flight, were pursu'd by the Hussars. The *French* Officer, richly dress'd, and better mounted than the rest, soon left them all behind, except one Hussar, who having a good Horse under him, kept close at his Heels ; when the Officer thought he was out of Danger, he look'd back, and finding he had but one Enemy to contend with, boldly turn'd his Horse, and fir'd at him ; but the intrepid Hussar advanc'd, without touching his Pistols, tho' his Antagonist had fir'd twice. The *Frenchman*, having no more Powder and Balls, surrender'd himself Prisoner ; and as they were returning, the Officer told him, he was a bold Fellow ; and ask'd him, why he did not fire in his own Defence ? to which the Hussar pleasantly reply'd, *'Twas for your Coat I follow'd you so close, and perhaps, had I fir'd, I shou'd have made a Hole in it.*

A Roman Catholick, after the Revolution, took the Oaths to the King ; for which he receiv'd a severe Censure from his Priest, who ask'd him, how he cou'd be so base ? *Why*, reply'd the Gentleman, *is it not much better to trust my Soul with God, than my Estate with the King ?*

A dignified Clergyman, going down to his Living to spend the Summer, met near his House, a comical

old Chimney-sweeper, with whom he us'd to chat. So *John*, says the Doctor, from whence came you? From your House, Sir, says Mr. *Soot*; for this Morning I swept all your Chimneys. How many were there, says the Doctor? No less than twenty, quoth *John*. Well, and how much a Chimney have you? Only a Shilling a-piece, Sir.——Why then, quoth the Doctor, you have earn'd a great deal of Money in a little Time. *Yes, yes, Sir*, says John, throwing his Bag of Soot over his Shoulder, *we Black-Coats get our Money easy enough.*

A Chaplain at the Hospital in *Flanders*, attending a Soldier at the Point of Death, desir'd another Soldier that stood by, to come and join in Prayer; to which he answer'd, *No Sir, I thank you, mine is only an Ague.*

A Clergyman of great Openness and Sincerity, being made one of the King's Chaplains, the Queen told him, that she was very glad that so honest a Man, and one that wou'd not be afraid to speak the Truth, was come to Court; and at the same Time beg'd, that he wou'd, without any Scruple, tell her her Faults. Upon which, the Doctor, without any Ceremony, charg'd her with being covetous. Well, Doctor, says she, now tell me another. *No*, quoth the Doctor, *your Majesty must mend that first.*

An Author, reading his Tragedy to a Friend of his, who was a Proctor, when he had gone thro' three Acts, ask'd him his Opinion? Why really, says the Proctor, this third Act is so full of Distress, that I don't see how you can possibly heighten it in the following ones; and then, consequently your Play must grow flat. Oh! says the Author, let me alone for that, for I intend in the very next Act, to put my Hero into the Spiritual Court.

Czar Peter, when he was in *Holland*, hearing there was a Man then in Confinement, who had been three times tortur'd, but in vain, to make him discover his Accomplices; and being amaz'd at his Fortitude, had the

the Curiosity to see him, and accordingly went to his Cell, when he discover'd who he was to the Prisoner, and told him that he was surpriz'd how any Man cou'd have the Courage to suffer what he had done, and was still likely to do, when by a Confession he might free himself; and at the same Time desir'd that he wou'd tell him for his own Satisfaction, whether he had any Accomplices or not, and promis'd, on the Word of a King, that it shou'd never go any farther. The Prisoner, looking at the Czar with a steady Countenance, said in a solemn Manner, *Can your Majesty keep a Secret?* The Czar reply'd, Yes, I can. *And so can I, quoth the Prisoner.*

An Actress, belonging to *Drury-Lane Theatre*, somewhat vain of her Singing, was tuning her Pipes in the Green Room, whilst an Actor, remarkable for his Strength of Expression, sat in a pensive Posture, with a Chaw of Tobacco in his Mouth. Mr. Gravity, says the Lady, don't you think I sing like *Signiora*, &c. D—n me, Madam, if I was thinking about you, quoth he. Why, how now, *Sause-Box*, says she, 'tis not so long since I saw you act the Part of *Timothy Rag* in your own Clothes, and the whole House observ'd you was well dress'd for the Part. Madam, says the Gentleman, *if spitting upon you was not taking Notice of you, I wou'd do it.*

A good humour'd Wife, abusing her Husband on his mercenary Disposition, told him, that if she was dead, he wou'd marry the Devil's eldest Daughter, if he cou'd get any Thing by it. That's true, reply'd the Husband, but the worst of it is *one can't marry two Sisters.*

A Clergyman, who was inclin'd to write Notes on *Shakespear's* Plays, carried a Specimen of his Performance to a certain Actor, and desir'd his Opinion. Sir, says the Player, I wonder People won't mind their own Affairs: *You may spoil your own Bible, if you please; but, pray let ours alone.*

Fortune seeing a Child sleeping by the Side of a Well, awaked him, saying, Rise from hence, you little

tle Fool, for if you should happen to fall in, 'twou'd be afterwards said, that *Fortune*, not your *Folly*, had been the Cause of it.

A certain Soldier, who was seized with a panic Fear, came running to *Leonidas*, and said to him, The Enemy, O *Leonidas*, are upon us ; then we certainly are upon them, reply'd *Leonidas*. To another Soldier, who told him, the Enemy were so numerous, that their Darts obscur'd the Sun : *So much the better*, says he, *for then we shall have the Pleasure of fighting in the Shade.*

A Man, who had never been married, earnestly persuaded *Epietetus* the Philosopher, to take a Wife ; proving to him, that Marriage, so far from being derogatory to the Character of a Philosopher, was, on the contrary, both just and necessary : *Give me therefore*, says *Epietetus*, *one of your Daughters.*

Publius Rutilus, a noble Youth of the severest Morals, refused to comply with an unlawful Demand of one of his Friends ; which the latter taking very ill, said to him, What Occasion have I for your Friendship, if you won't do what I desire you ? *And what Honour shall I get by yours*, reply'd *Publius*, *if I, to please you, must do an immoral Thing.*

A certain Gentleman, being very angry with one of his Neighbours about some Expressions which had been told him again, cried out, The Devil take all the *Cuckolds*, I wish they were all in the River. Upon which his Wife answer'd, O dear, Husband, how can you make such a Wish, when you know you can't swim ?

As the King of France was passing over the Pont-neuf at Paris, on a Winter's Day, he saw a Gascoon very thinly clad, looking into the Water ; and riding up to him, ask'd him if he was not cold ? Upon which the Gascoon answer'd, No, an't please your Majesty : and if you'd do as I do, you wou'd not be cold neither.

How

How is that, says the King? Why wear all your Cloaths at once, reply'd the Gascoon.

A Man, who had the Character of a great Penitent, us'd to divert himself now and then by beating his Wife. One of his Neighbours, being offended at this Act of Cruelty, ask'd him, how he cou'd reconcile this sort of Behaviour with that Repentance which he so much profess'd? To which the good Man made Answer, You must know, Neighbour, I have a very bad Memory, and therefore take this Method to rub it up; for whenever I beat her, she is sure to reproach me with all the Ill I ever did in my Life.

A certain Prince us'd to say, that to make a married State happy, it was necessary, that the Husband shou'd be *deaf*, and the Wife *blind*.

A Poor Man, presenting himself before the King of *Spain*, ask'd his Charity; and told him that he was his Brother. *How do you prove that, says the King? Why, quoth the Fellow, are not we all the Sons of Adam?* Upon which, the King gave him a little Piece of Money: The poor Man began to bemoan himself, saying, Is it possible that your Majesty should give no more to your Brother? Away, away, says the King, if all the Brothers you have in the World, wou'd give you as much, you'd be richer than I am.

A Gentleman, riding through a River, which he suppos'd deep, bid his Servant go before. But he, to shew his Politeness, replied, *I never will be guilty of so much ill Manners; pray, Sir, do you cross over first.*

A very dirty Fellow, who was playing at Cards, having a Run of ill Luck, wish'd himself at the Devil; when one that over-heard him, replied, *If you shou'd go in so dirty a Pickle, Friend, you'll make him spue.*

An *Italian* was accused for marrying five Wives, when being carried before the Judge, he was asked why
he

he had married so many ? He answered, *in order to meet with a good one, if possible.*

A certain Gentleman, as he was making a Speech before *Gismond*, Duke of *Austria*, not able to hold any longer, let fly with a prodigious Noise ; when turning about to his Posteriors, *If you are resolved to speak*, says he, *'twill be to no Purpose for me to say any thing* ; and then pursued his Discourse without being at all disconcerted.

A Man, who was at the Point of Death, left Orders by his Will, to his only Son, that he should sell three *Faulcons* of great Value ; that by the Sale of one, he should pay his Debts ; that the Money arising from the Sale of the second, shou'd be employed for the good of his Soul ; and that the third shou'd be sold for his own Advantage. His Father dying a few Days after, one of the *Faulcons* flew away ; which not being able to recover, he cry'd out, *That goes for my Father's Soul.*

A Man, who had Money enough to make him whimsical, on Account of some imaginary Indisposition, order'd a Physician to be sent for ; who, presently attending, felt his Pulse, and examin'd his Urine ; which, finding of a good Colour, he asked him, *Sir, do you eat well ?* He answer'd, *Yes.* *And do you sleep well ?* he said, *he did.* O then, says the Physician, *I'll find you a Remedy, that shall drive away all these Things.*

Some People discoursing about the Damage *Rome* had received, by the overflowing of the *Tyber*, a certain sprightly Wit said, the *Romans* shou'd pray to God, *that the Tyber might be always sick, since he never left his Bed, without doing a deal of Mischief.*

A French Marquis, being one Day at Dinner at *Roger Williams's*, the famous Punster and Publican, was boasting of the happy Geinus of his Nation, in projecting all the fine Modes and Fashions ; particularly the *Ruffle*, which he said, *was de fine Ornament to de Hand ;*

Hand; and had been followed by de oder Nations. Roger allow'd what he said, but observ'd at the same Time, that the English, according to Custom, had made a great Improvement upon their Invention, by adding a Shirt to it.

Villars, the witty and extravagant Duke of Buckingham, in the Time of Charles II. was saying one Day to Sir Robert Vyner, in a melancholy Humour, I'm afraid, Sir Robert, I shall die a Beggar at last, which is the most terrible Thing in the World. Upon my Word, my Lord, said Sir Robert, there is another Thing more terrible, that you have Reason to apprehend; which is, That you will live a Beggar, at the Rate you go on.

One who was grown rich of a sudden, from a very mean and beggarly Condition, and began to take great State upon him, was met one Day by a poor Acquaintance, who accosted him in a very humble Manner, but being taken no Notice of, cried out, *Nay, it is no great Wonder you shou'd not know me, when you have forgot yourself,*

A Venetian Ambassador, going to the Court of Rome, pass'd through Florence, where he went to pay his Respects to the late Duke of Tuscany. The Duke complaining to him of the Ambassador the State of Venice had sent him, as a Man, very unworthy his publick Character. *Your Highness, said he, must not wonder at it; for we have many addle Pates at Venice. So have we, reply'd the Duke, at Florence; but we don't send them to treat of public Affairs.*

An English Gentleman ask'd Sir Richard Steel, who was an Irishman, what was the Reason his Countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making Bulls? *Faith! says the Knight, I believe there is something in the Air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he wou'd do the same.*

The Lord Jefferies pleading at the Bar, before he was made a Judge; a Country Fellow, giving Evidence

dence against his Client, push'd the Matter very strongly ; *Jefferies*, after his usual Way, called out to the Fellow, *Harkee*, you Fellow in the Leather Doublet ! What have you for swearing ? To which the Countryman reply'd, *Faith*, Sir, *if you had no more for lying, than I have for swearing, you might e'en wear a Leather Doublet too.*

An *Irish* Lawyer of the Temple, going to Dinner, left these Directions in his Key-hole : Gone to the *Elephant and Castle*, where you may find me. *And if you can't read this, carry it to the Stationer, and he shall read it for you.*

It being prov'd on a Trial at *Guild-Hall*, that a Man's Name was really *Inch*, who had taken the Name of *Linch* ; *I see*, said the Judge, *the old Proverb is verified in this Man, who, being allow'd an Inch, has taken an L.*

In Eighty eight, as *Queen Elizabeth* went from *Temple-bar* along *Fleet-street*, on some Procession, the Lawyers were rang'd on one Side, and the Citizens on the other ; says the Lord *Bacon*, then a Student in the Temple, to another that stood next him, Observe the Courtiers ; *if they bow first to the Citizens, they are in Debt ; if to us, they are in Law.*

One ask'd his Friend, why he, so proper a Man himself, marry'd so small a Wife ? *Why ?* said he, *I thought you had known, that of all Evils we shou'd chuse the least.*

Mr. *Congreve*, going up the Water in a Boat, one of the Watermen told him, as they pass'd by *Peterborough House* at *Mill-bank*, that House had sunk a Story. No, Friend, says he, *I rather believe it is a Story rais'd.*

One saying that Mr. *Dennis* was an excellent Critic, was answer'd, his Writings, indeed, were much to be valued ; for by his *Criticisms*, he taught how to write well, and by his *Poetry*, shew'd them what it was

was to write all ; so that the World was fure to edify by him

It was ask'd in Company, where Lord C——d was present, whether the *Piers* of *Westminster* Bridge were to be of Wood or Stone ? *Oh !* says his Lordship, *of Stone, to be sure ; for we have too many wooden Peers already at Westminster.*

A Country Fellow, just come up to *London*, and peeping into every Shop he pass'd by, at last look'd into a Scrivener's ; where seeing only one Man sitting at a Desk, cou'd not imagine what was sold there, and calling to the Clerk, said, Pray Sir, what do you sell ? Loggerheads, cry'd the other. *Do you so, answer'd the Countryman ? Egad ! You have a special Trade then ; for I see you've but one left.*

The Lord N——b and G——y, being at an Assembly at the Theatre Royal in the *Hay-market*, told Mr. *Heidegger*, he wou'd make him a Present of 100 *l.* if he wou'd produce him an uglier Face than his, within a Year and a Day. Mr. *Heidegger* instantly fetch'd a Glass, and presenting it to his Lordship, said, *he did not doubt, but he had Honour enough to keep his Promise.*

An *English* Gentleman, being in *Brecknockshire*, often diverted himself with shooting ; but, suspected not to be qualify'd by one of the busy *Welch* Justices, his Worship told him, if he did not produce his Qualification, he shou'd not shoot there ; for, said he, *I have two little Manors.* Yes, Sir, said the *English* Gentleman, *any Body may perceive that.* Perceive what ? cries the Justice. *That you have too little Manners,* says the other.

A Gentleman, speaking of *Peggy Yates* the famous Courtezan, who had always Abundance of fine Cloaths ; said, *she was like a Squirrel, for she cover'd her Back with her Tail.*

A Soldier was bragging before *Julius Cæsar* of the Wounds he had receiv'd in his Face. *Cæsar*, knowing him to be a Coward, said, *he had best take heed the next Time he ran away, how he look'd back.*

Colonel ***** who made the fine Fire-works in *St. James's Park*, upon Account of the Peace of *Ryswick*, being in Company with some Ladies; and highly commending the Epitaph, just then set up in *Westminster-Abbey* to the Memory of *Mr. Purcell*, namely,

*He is gone to that Place, where only his own
Harmony can be exceeded,*

One of the Ladies said, The same Epitaph may serve for you, Sir, by altering only one Word,

*He is gone to the Place, where only his own
Fire-works can be exceeded.*

One asking a Painter, how he cou'd paint such pretty Faces in his Pictures, and yet get such homely Children? He reply'd, *Because I make the first in the Day-light, and the other in the Dark.*

A Country Parson, having divided his Text under two and twenty Heads, one of the Congregation was going out of Church in a great Hurry; a Neighbour pulling him by the Sleeve, asked whither he was going? *Home for my Night-cap*, answer'd the first, *for I find we are to stay here till Morning.*

A young Lady, who being lately married, on seeing her Husband about to rise pretty early in the Morning, said, What, my Dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer, and rest yourself. *No, my Dear*, reply'd the Husband, *I'll get up and rest myself.*

Judge *Jefferies*, on the Bench, told an old Fellow with a long Beard, that he suppos'd his Conscience was as long as his Beard. *Does your Lordship*, reply'd the old Man, *measure Consciences by Beards?* *If so, your Lordship has no Conscience at all;* for he was just shaved.

A Genl

A Gentleman, calling for small Beer at his Friend's Table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the Servant, without drinking. What! said the Master of the House, don't you like the Beer? it is not to be found Fault with. *No*, answer'd the other, *we shou'd never speak ill of the Dead.*

In the great Dispute, between *South* and *Sherlock*, the latter, who was a perfect Courtier, said, his Adversary reason'd well; but he bark'd like a Cur. To which the former reply'd, *Fawning was the Property of a Cur, as well as barking.*

The famous Sir *George Rook*, when Captain of Marines, was quarter'd in a Village, where he buried many of his Men; at length, the Parson refus'd to perform the funeral Service, unless he was paid for it; which being told to Captain *Rook*, he order'd six of his Men to carry the Corps of a Soldier, then dead, and lay it upon the Parson's Hall-Table. This so embarrass'd the Priest, that he instantly sent the Captain Word, *if he wou'd fetch the Man away, he wou'd bury him and all his Company for nothing.*

The Duke of *Buckingham*, one Day making his Complaint to Sir *John Cutler*, a rich Miser, of the Disorder of his Affairs, ask'd what he shou'd do to prevent the Ruin of his Estate? Live as I do, my Lord, said Sir *John*. *That I can*, answer'd the Duke, *when my Estate is gone.*

At another Time, a Person, who had been a long Time Dependant upon his Grace, beg'd his Interest for him at Court, and to press the Matter more home upon the Duke, told him, *that he had nobody to depend upon, but God and his Grace.* Then, says the Duke, you are in a miserable Way; *for you cou'd not have pitch'd upon any two, who have less Interest at Court.*

An *Irishman* being at a Tavern, where the Cook was dressing some Carp, observ'd some of them move after they were gutted and put into the Pan; which

much surprizing *Teague*, said he, *Of all the Christian Creatures I ever saw, this same Carp will live the longest, after it is dead.*

A young Gentlewoman, married to a very wild Spark, who had made away with a plentiful Estate, and was reduc'd to some Streights, said very innocently to him one Day, My Dear, I want some Shifts sadly. *D— me*, Madam, reply'd he, *how can that be, when we make so many every Day?*

A Poor ingenious Servitor at *Oxford*, not able to purchase a new Pair of Shoes, when his old ones were very bad, got them capp'd at the Toes; upon which, being banter'd by some of his Companions, *Why shou'd they not be capp'd*, said he, *I am sure they are Fellows?*

Two inseparable Companions of the Guards in *Flanders*, had every thing in common between them; one was very extravagant, and unfit to be trusted with Money, hereupon the other was always Purse-bearer, which he sav'd but little by; for the former wou'd often pick his Pocket in the Night, to the last Stiver. To prevent this, he bethought himself of a Stratagem, and coming the next Day among his Companions, brag'd how he had bit his Comrade. Ay, how? said they. *Why*, reply'd he, *I hid my Money in his own Pocket last Night; and I'm sure he'll never look for it there.*

In Queen *Anne's* Reign, the Lord *B—* married three Wives, who were all his Servants. A Beggar-woman, meeting him one Day in the Street, made him a very low Curtsey: *Ah! Godalmighty bless you*, said she, *and send you a long Life; if you do but live long enough, we shall all be Ladies in Time.*

Daniel Purcel, who had the Character of a famous Punster, was desir'd by an Acquaintance one Night, to make a Pun Extempore. Upon what Subject? says *Daniel*. The King, answer'd the other. *Oh! Sir*, said he, *the King's no Subject.*

Diogenes begging, as was the Custom of many Hea-then Philosophers, ask'd an extravagant Man for more than he did any other. Hereupon, one said to him, I see you know your Business; where you find a generous Person, you will make the most of him. *No*, said *Diogenes*, *but I design to beg of the rest again.*

King *Charles II.* being in Company with Lord *Rocheſter* and other Nobles, who had been drinking best part of the Night, *Killigrew* came in. Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults. *No, faith!* says *Killigrew*, *I don't care to trouble myself with that which all the Town talks of.*

A Gentleman, who had a Suit in Chancery, was call'd upon by his Counsel to put in his Answer, for fear of incurring Contempt; and why, said the Gentleman, is not my Answer put in? How shou'd I draw your Answer, says the Lawyer, till I knew what you cou'd swear? *Pox o' your Scruples*, reply'd the Client, *do your Part as a Lawyer, and draw a sufficient Answer, and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman, and swear to it.*

We commonly say, second Thoughts are best, and young Women, who pretend to be averſe to Marriage, desire not to be taken at their Words. *One ask'd a Girl, if ſhe wou'd have him? Faith! no*, John, says she; *but you may have me if you will.*

Colonel *Bond*, who was one of King *Charles* the Firſt's Judges, died a Day or two before *Oliver*; and it was every where ſtrongly reported, that *Cromwell* was dead. *No*, said a Gentleman that knew better, *he has only given Bond to the Devil for his further Appearance.*

Mr. *Dryden*, one Day at Dinner, was offer'd the Rump of a Fowl; and on his Refusal, the Lady said, Pray Sir, take it; the Rump is the best Part of the Fowl. *Yes, Madam*, said Mr. *Dryden*, *and ſo, I think it is of the Fair.*

A Butcher in *Smithfield*, lying at the Point of Death, said to his Wife, My Dear, I am not long for this World, therefore advise you to marry our Man *John*; he's a lusty strong Fellow, fit for your Business. O! dear Husband, said she, never let that trouble you, for *John* and I have agreed upon the Matter already.

Some Men and their Wives, who all liv'd on the same side of a Street, being merry making at a Neighbour's House; said one of the Husbands, It's reported that all the Men in our Row are Cuckolds, but one. Soon after, his Wife being thoughtful, What makes you so sad, my Dear? said he, I hope you are not offended at what I said. No, said she, I'm only considering who that one can be.

A Woman prosecuted a Gentleman for a Rape; upon Trial the Judge ask'd her, if she made any Resistance? I cry'd out, an't please your Lordship, said the Woman. Ay, said one of the Witnesses, but that was nine Months after.

In the latter Part of Queen *Anne's* Reign, *Tom*—dining one Day with the Lord Mayor, after two or three Healths, the Ministry was toasted; but when it came to *Tom's* turn to drink, he diverted it for some Time by telling a Story to the Person who sat next him. The chief Magistrate of the City, not seeing his Toast go round, call'd out, Gentlemen, where sticks the Ministry? At nothing, by G— says *Tom*, and drank off his Glass.

A certain Nobleman a Courtier, in the beginning of the late Reign, coming out of the House of Lords, accosted the Duke of *Buckingham*, with how does your Pot boil, my Lord, these troublesome Times? To which his Grace reply'd, I never go into my Kitchen, but I dare to say the Scum is uppermost.

A wild young Nobleman, being in Company with some sober People, desir'd leave to toast the D—l. The Gentleman who sat next him, said, he had no Objection to any of his Lordship's Friends.

A melt-

A melting Sermon being preach'd in a Country Church, all the Congregation fell a weeping, but one Man; who being asked why he did not weep with the rest? *Oh!* said he, *I belong to another Parish.*

A Country Squire ask'd a merry Andrew, why he play'd the Fool? *For the same Reason,* says he, *as you do; out of Want: You do it for want of Wit, I for want of Money.*

A Gentleman in the Country, whose Wife had the Misfortune to hang herself on an Apple-tree, a Neighbour came in, and beg'd he wou'd give him a Cyon of that Tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own Orchard; *for who knows,* said he, *but it may bear the same Fruit?*

A noble Duke, who stammer'd so much, that he was obliged to have a Servant stand behind him to repeat what he said, ask'd a Clergyman at his Table, by Way of Joke, if he knew what was the Reason that *Balaam's* Ass spoke? The Clergyman not understanding him, the Servant repeated what his Grace had said, to which the Parson pleasantly answer'd, that *Balaam* stutter'd, and his Ass spoke for him.

The same noble Duke ask'd a Clergyman once at the Bottom of his Table, why the Goose, if there was one, was always plac'd next to the Parson? *Really,* said he, *I can give no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose for the future, without thinking upon your Lordship.*

A Lady's Age happening to be question'd, she affirm'd it was but forty, and call'd to a Gentleman, who was in Company, to deliver his Opinion. Cousin, said she, do you believe I am right, when I say, I am but forty? I'm sure, Madam, said he, I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten Years.

A Countryman sowing his Field, and two smart Fellows riding by, one of 'em call'd to him with an insolent

insolent Air ; well, honest Countryman, it is your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labours. To which the Farmer replied, *It is very likely you may, for truly I am sowing Hemp.*

A young Grecian being shewn to the Emperor *Augustus*, who, 'twas said, very much resembled him, ask'd the young Man, If his Mother had not been at Rome ? No, Sir, answer'd the Grecian, *but my Father has.*

The late Colonel *Charteris* reflecting upon his ill Life and public Character, told a Nobleman, If such a Thing as a good Name could be purchased, he would freely give 10,000*l.* for it. The Nobleman said, It would be the worst Money he ever laid out in his Life. Why so ? says the Colonel, *Because*, replied his Lordship, *you would certainly forfeit it again in less than a Week.*

Three Gentlemen being at a Tavern, whose Names were *Moor*, *Strange*, and *Wright*, says the last, there is but one Cuckold in Company, and that's *Strange* ; yes, answer'd *Strange*, here is one *Moor* ; Ay ! said *Moor*, that's *Wright*.

A Gentleman nam'd *Ball*, being about to purchase a Cornecy in a Regiment, was presented to the Colonel for his Approbation, who, being a Nobleman, declar'd that he did not like the Name, and would have no *Balls* in his Regiment, *Nor Powder neither*, said the Gentleman, *if your Lordship could help it.*

The Dutchess of *Newcastle*, who wrote Plays and Romances in K *Charles* the Second's Time, asked Bishop *Wilkins*, How she could get up to the World in the Moon which he had discovered ? for as the Journey must needs be very long, there would be no Possibility of going through, without baiting by the way. Oh ! Madam, said the Bishop, *Your Grace has built so many Castles in the Air, you cannot want a Place to bait at.*

A Country

A Country Squire being in Company with his Mistress, and wanting his servant, cried out, Where is the Blockhead? *Upon your Shoulders*, said the Lady.

A certain Priest in a rich Abbey in *Florence*, being a Fisherman's Son, caused a Net to be spread every Day in his Appartment on the Table, to put him in mind of his Original. The Abbot dying, his pretended Humility caused him to be chosen his Successor, after which the Net was thrown by. Being ask'd the Reason of it, he answer'd, *There is no Occasion for the Net, now the Fish is caught.*

Apelles, the famous Painter, having drawn the Picture of *Alexander* the Great on Horseback, brought it as a Present to that Prince; who not bestowing that Praise upon it as so excellent a Piece deserved, *Apelles* desired a living Horse might be brought, who, moved by Nature, fell to prancing and neighing, as tho' the Picture had been really a living Creature of the same Species: Hereupon *Apelles* told *Alexander*, *That his Horse understood painting better than himself.*

It was a beautiful Turn given by a great Lady, who being ask'd where her Husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concern'd in a Conspiracy? resolutely answer'd, I have hid him. This frank Confession drew her before the King, who told her, Nothing but discovering where her Lord was concealed could save her from Torture; and will that do, Sir? says the Lady, Yes, replied the King, I have given my Word for it. Then, says she, *I have hid him in my Heart, there you'll find him.* Which surprizing Answer charmed her Enemies, and turn'd aside the King's Resentment.

A Country Gentleman riding down *Cornhill*, his Horse stumbled and threw him at a Shop Door, the Mistress whereof, being a pleasant Woman, and seeing no Hurt done, asked whether his Horse used to serve him so? Yes, said he, whenever he comes to the Door of a Cuckold. *L—d, Sir*, said she, *I would advise you to*

go back again, for you will have a hundred Falls before you get to the Top of Cheapside.

A Person speaking to the Earl of C——d of the false Taste of many People of Quality, and of their Ignorance in Things which they pretend to understand ; my Lord answer'd, *Most of our People of Quality judge of every Thing by their Ears but the Opera, and that they go to see.*

Two Persons quarrelling at a Tavern, one of them after the Heat was over, being straitened for Room to make Water and hemn'd in, said o his Antagonist, *How shall I get by you? Get by me said the other! Why, what a Pox did I ever get by you?*

The old Lord Stamford taking a Bottle with the Parson of the Parish, was commending his own Wine. Here, Doctor, said he, I can send a Couple of Ho—Ho—Ho—Hounds to *Fra—Fra—France*, for his Lordship had a great Impediment in his Speech, and have a Ho—Ho—Hoghead of Wine for'em. What do you say to that Doctor? *Why, my Lord*, replies the Doctor, *I think your Lordship has your Wine Dog-cheap.*

A Sea-officer, who, for his Bravery in a late Engagement wherein he had lost a Leg, was preferred to the Command of a good Ship ; in the Heat of his next Engagement, a Cannon Ball took of his wooden Deputy, so that he fell upon the Deck. A Sailor thinking he had been fresh wounded, called out for the Surgeon ; *No, No*, said the Captain, *the Carpenter will do.*

A mad Crew went to a Tavern with a Resolution to get drunk ; one, more over-powered than the Rest, spew'd perpetually, and, finding he could keep them Company no longer, call'd for the Reckoning. *Why*, said one, *can't you tell that, who have so often cast up what you drank?* *No, marry, I cannot*, said he, *I was so busy in casting up the Account, that I did not mind the Reckoning.*

A Gen—

A Gentleman having bespoke a Supper at an Inn, desir'd the Landlord to sup with him. The Host came up, and thinking to pay a greater Compliment than ordinary to his Guest, pretended to find Fault with the laying of the Cloth, and took the Plates and Knives and threw them down Stairs. The Gentleman resolving not to baulk his Humour, threw the Bottles and Glasses after them; at which the Host surpris'd, enquir'd the Reason of it. *Nay, nothing,* replied the Gentleman, *but when I saw you throw the Plates and Knives down, I thought you had a-mind to sup below.*

A Man with a Dog named *Cuckold*, returning home one Evening, the Dog run in a-doors first. Oh! Mother, says the Boy, *Cuckold's come.* *Nay then,* says the Mother, *your Father's not far off.*

A *Braggadocio*, upon a certain Occasion, chanced to run away; and being ask'd by one, What was become of all that Courage he used so much to boast of? *It is got,* said he, *all into my Heels.*

A Person having two very wicked Sons, one of whom robb'd him of his Money, the other of his Goods, his Neighbours came in to condole his Misfortune, when one of them told him, *He might sue the hundred for the Loss, as he had been robb'd between Son and Son.*

A Dyer in a Court of Justice being order'd to hold up his Hand, which was all black; *Take off your Glove, Friend,* said the Judge to him. *Put on your Spectacles, my Lord,* answer'd the Dyer.

One who was formerly in good Circumstances, but had squander'd away his Estate, and had left himself no more necessities, than a sorry Bed, a little Table, a few broken Chairs, and other such Lumber, seeing a Gang of Thieves endeavouring to break into his House one Night, he bawled out to them; *Are ye not a damn'd Pack of Fools! to think to find any Thing here in the Dark, where I can find nothing by Day-light.*

Two Ladies just return'd from *Bath* were telling a Gentleman how well they lik'd the Place, and how it agreed with them; the first had been very Ill, and receiv'd great Benefit from the Waters; but, pray Madam, what did you go for, said he to the second? *Mere Wantonneſs*, replied ſhe; and, pray Madam, *did it cure you?*

Dr. M—d coming out of *Tom's* Coffee-houſe, an impudent, broken Apothecary met him at the Door, and deſir'd he would lend him five Guineas; ſo! ſaid the Doctor, *I am ſurprized you ſhould apply to me for ſuch a Favour, who don't know you! Oh! dear Sir*, reply'd the Apothecary, *It is for that very Reaſon I aſk it, for thoſe who do know me won't lend me a Farthing.*

A Youth ſtanding by while his Father was at Play, and obſerving him to loſe a good deal of Money, burſt out in Tears; his Father aſk'd the Reaſon why he wept, *Oh! Sir*, ſaid he, *I have heard, that Alexander the Great wept when he was told his Father Philip had conquer'd a great many Towns, Cities and Countries, fearing he would leave him nothing to win; but I weep for fear you ſhould leave me nothing to loſe.*

Two conceited Coxcombs, wrangling and expoſing one another before Company; one told them, that they acted like Wits, *who*, ſays he, *never give over, till they prove one another Fools.*

A drunken Fellow having made away with all his Goods, except his Feather-bed, was at length obliged to part with that too; for which being reprov'd by ſome Friends, *Phob!* ſays he, *I am very well, thank God, and why ſhould I keep my Bed?*

In a Cauſe tried at the *King's Bench*, a Witneſs was produced who had a very red Noſe, and one of the Counſel, who had a good Stock of Aſſurance, being deſirous to put him out of Countenance, called out to him after he was ſworn, Well, let's hear what you have to ſay with your Copper-Noſe? *Why, Sir*, ſaid he, *by the Oath*

Oath I have taken, I would not exchange my Copper-Nose for your Brazen-Face.

A Book was publish'd in *Queen Elizabeth's Time*, which gave her great Offence ; hereupon she ask'd Lord *Bacon*, if he could find no Treason in it ? *No, Madam*, said he, *but Abundance of Felony ; for the Author has stole half his Conceits out of Tacitus.*

King *Charles II.* coming through *Shore-Ditch* from *New-Market*, observ'd a Wall lately made of Horns there, which is common in that Road, and bid Lord *Rochester*, who was with him in the Coach, take Notice of it. *Ay, Sir*, said he, *the Citizens have been laying their Heads together to mend the Way against your Majesty came by.*

A Gentleman living in *Jamaica*, a few Years ago, had a Wife not the best humour'd in the World, to whom he made an indulgent Husband, and oblig'd as far as in his Power lay. One Day she ask'd him to buy her a Pad ; he did so, and a very fine one it was, which soon after gave her a Fall and broke her Neck. Another Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, bless'd with a termagant Scold, ask'd the Widower, If he would sell his Wife's Pad, for he had a great Fancy for it ? *No*, said the other, *I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure I sha'nt marry again.*

An ignorant Clown, who had the Character of being a great Scholar in the Country, because he could write and read, coming to *London*, and enquiring into all the strange Things he saw, at last read upon a Sign-post, *Here are Horses to be lett, 1748.* *Jesu!* says he, *If there be so many Horses in one Inn, how many are there in the whole City?*

A Scholar declaiming in a College-Hall, having a bad Memory, was at a Stand, and, in a low Voice, desir'd one who stood close by him to help him out ; *No*, says the other, *methinks you are out enough already.*

A young learn'd Gentleman, who was to preach a Probation Sermon for a good Lectureship in the City, had but a *bad Delivery*, tho' otherways an excellent Preacher. A Friend, when he came out of the Pulpit, wish'd him Joy, and said, He would certainly carry the Election; for he had no Body's *Voice* against him but his own.

A great Lord, who had run himself over Head and Ears in Debt, and seeming quite easy about the Matter, was ask'd one Day by a Friend, How he could sleep so well, when he was so much in Debt: *For my Part*, reply'd my Lord, *I sleep very well, but I wonder how my Creditors can!*

It was well answer'd by Archbp. Tillotson, when King William III. complain'd of the Shortness of his Sermon, Sir, said the Bishop, *could I have bestow'd more Time upon it, I would not have been so long.*

In a Visit Queen Elizabeth made to the famous Lord Chancellor Bacon, at a small Country Seat he built for himself before his Preferment; she ask'd him, *How it came to pass, that he had made himself so small a House?* *It is not I, Madam*, answer'd he, *who have made my House too small for myself, but your Majesty who have made me too big for my House.*

A Schoolmaster ask'd one of his Boy's, in a sharp Winter-morning, What was *Latin* for Cold? the Boy hesitating a little, the Master said, What, Sirrah, can't you tell? *Yes, Sir*, says the Boy, *I have it at my Fingers Ends.*

A Gentlewoman cheap'ning a Close-stool, bid too little for it; the Cabinet-maker, to persuade her to give more, desir'd she would look upon the Goodness of the Lock and Key; *As for that*, answer'd the Gentlewoman, *I value it not; for I design to put nothing into it, that I care who steals out.*

Mr. Pope being at Dinner with a Noble Duke, had his own Servant in Livery waiting upon him; the Duke

Duke ask'd, Why he, that eat mostly at other People's Tables, should be such a Fool as to keep a Fellow in Livery only to laugh at him? *'Tis true*, answer'd the Poet, *I keep but one to laugh at me, but your Grace has the Honour to keep a Dozen.*

An impudent ridiculous Fellow, being laughed at by all that came into his Company, told some of his Acquaintance, that he had the happy Quality of laughing at all those who laugh'd at him; *then*, said one of them, *you lead the merriest Life of any Man in Christendom.*

A Lord, endeavouring to persuade one of his Dependants to marry his cast-off Mistress, said, Tho' she had been used a little, when she had got a good Husband, she might turn; *Ay, but, my Lord*, reply'd the other, *she has been so much used, that I am afraid she is not worth turning.*

A Gentleman falling to Decay, and obliged to shift about where he could, among the rest, visited an old Acquaintance, and staid with him seven Days, in which Time the Man began to grow weary of his Guest, and, to get rid of him, pretended to fall out with his Wife, by which Means their Fare was very slender; the Gentleman, aware of the Design, but, not knowing where to go to mend his Quarters, told them, *He had been there seven Days, and had not seen any Difference between 'em before; and that he was resolv'd to stay seven Weeks longer, but he would see them Friends again.*

Upon the Death of the famous *Moliere*, a Poet waiting upon the Prince of *Conde* with his Epitaph, the Prince told him, *He should have been much better pleased, if Moliere had brought him his.*

Ben. Johnson, being one Night at the Devil-Tavern, there was a Country Gentleman in the Company, who interrupted all their Discourse with an Account of his Lands and Tenements; at last *Ben*, unable to bear with it any longer, said, What signifies your Dirt and your Clods to us? where you have one Acre of Land, I have ten Acres of Wit. Have you so? reply'd the

Countryman, good Mr. Wisacre? This unexpected Repartee from the Clown struck Ben mute for some Time; why, how now Ben? says one of the Company, you seem to be quite stung; *Why, I never was so prick'd by a Hobnail before*, reply'd he.

Alexander the Great ask'd *Dionides*, a famous Pirate, who was brought Prisoner to him, How he durst rob and plunder in his Seas? He boldly answer'd, That he did it for his Profit, and as *Alexander* himself used to do; *but, because I do it with one single Galley, I am call'd a Pirate, and you, Sir, who do it with a great Army, is call'd a King.* This bold Answer so pleased *Alexander*, that he set him at Liberty.

A young Fellow being told his Mistress was married, and the better to convince him of it, the Gentleman added, that he had seen the Bride and Bridegroom; Prithee, said the forsaken Swain, do not call them by those Names, I can't bear to hear 'em. Shall I call them Dog and Cat, answer'd the other? *Oh! no, for Heaven's sake*, replied the first, *that sounds ten Times more like Man and Wife than t'other.*

The Reverend Mr. *W—n*, the famous Astronomer, made a Calculation, that the World would be at an End in eighteen Years; and, sometime after, being about to dispose of a little Estate, he ask'd the Buyer, thirty Years Purchase; upon which, in great surprise, the Gentleman demanded, *With what Face he could ask so much, when he well knew the World would be at an End in little more than half that Time?*

A Poetaster, whose Head was very full of a Play of his own making, explaining the Plot and Design of it to a Courtier, said, the Scene lay in *Capadocia*, and a Man must transport himself into that Country, and get acquainted with the People to judge rightly of the Performance. *You say right*, answer'd the Courtier, *and I think it would be your best Way to have it acted there.*

The Lord Chief Justice *W—t* of the King's Bench in *Ireland*, being esteem'd a very good Lawyer, and Judges *C—d* and *B—t* but very indifferent ones ; well ! said an Attorney of that Court, no Bench was ever supplied like our's ; for we have got a hundred Judges upon it. A hundred ! says another, how can that be ? *Why*, replied the first, *here is the Figure of one, and two Cyphers.*

Dr. South, visiting a Gentleman one Morning, was ask'd to stay Dinner, which he accepting of, the Gentleman slept into the next Room and told his Wife, and desir'd she'd provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand Words ; till at length, her Husband, provok'd at her Behaviour, protested, That, if it was not for the Stranger in the next Room, he would kick her out of Doors. Upon which the Doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately slept out, crying, *I beg, Sir, you'll make no Stranger of me.*

A Lawyer and Physician, having a Dispute about Precedence, refer'd it to *Diogenes*, who gave it in favour of the Lawyer in these Terms ; *Let the Thief go before, and the Executioner follow.*

Two Fellows meeting, one ask'd the other, Why he look'd so sad ? I have good Reason for it, answer'd the other, poor *Jack* such a one, the greatest Croney and best Friend I had in the World was hang'd but two Days ago. What had he done, says the first ? Alas ! reply'd the other, he did no more than you or I should ha' done on the like Occasion ; he found a Bridle on the Road, and took it up ; What ! says the other, hang a Man for taking up a Bridle ? That's hard, indeed ! *To tell the Truth of the Matter*, says the other, *there was a Horse tied to the other End of it.*

Some Repartees, tho', strictly speaking, ought not to be brought under the Head of Jest, yet, for the Readiness of Thought, are somewhat better. Of this Sort, was the Answer made by *Sir Robert Sutton* to the late King of *Prussia*, on his asking him at a Review of his

his tall Grenadiers, if he cou'd say, an equal Number of *Englishmen* cou'd beat 'em ? No Sir, answer'd Sir Robert, *I won't pretend to say that, but I believe half the Number wou'd try.*

A Gentleman, arrested for a large Sum, sent to an Acquaintance, who had often profess'd great Friendship to him, to beg he wou'd be his Bail ; the other told him, he had promis'd never to be Bail for any Man, but with much Kindness said, *I'll tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else if you can.*

Mr. Amner, going thro' a Street in Windsor, two Boys look'd out of a one Pair of Stairs Window, and cry'd, There goes Mr. Amner, that makes so many Bulls ! He hearing them, look'd back, saying, *You Rascals, I know you well enough ; if I had you here, I'd kick you down Stairs.*

King Charles II. paying a Visit to Doctor Busby, while he was exercising his Function, the Doctor is said to have strutted thro' the School with his Hat upon his Head, while his Majesty walk'd complaisantly behind with his Hat under his Arm ; but when he was taking leave at the Door, the Doctor, in great Humility, thus address'd himself to the King ; *Sir, I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of Respect hitherto ; if my Boys were to imagine there was a greater Man in the Kingdom than myself, I shou'd never be able to rule them.*

The Earl of C—d, notwithstanding his great good Nature, was, at a certain Time oblig'd to lay his Case over the Shoulders of Sir Harry ***** who took it very patiently ; some time after, Sir Harry himself can'd a Fellow, who was a great Coward ; upon which, my Lord meeting him next Day, told him he was glad to hear he behav'd so gallantly Yesterday. *Ay, my Lord, said he, you and I know who we beat.*

A Lady told another, she had a Mind to quarrel with an impertinent teasing young Fellow, she did not like ;

like ; who was so very assiduous and submissive, she cou'd not tell how to provoke him. 'Slife, said her Friend, spit in his Face. *Alas ! Madam, reply'd the first, that won't do ; while Men are fawning like Lap-dogs, they'll take that for a Favour.*

The Duke of——ask'd a Friend, who he thought had undertaken the most difficult Task, Mr. *W—st—n* in his Attempt to find out the Longitude, or Mr. *Lisle* to find out the *Philosopher's Stone* ? The Friend answer'd, he cou'd not tell which was the most arduous Work of the two, but was sure he himself had engag'd in a more difficult Affair than either of 'em. What's that, said his Grace ? *Why, I have been these six Years endeavouring to prevail with you to pay your Debts.*

A Country Curate being to examine his young Catechumens one *Friday* in *Lent*, and the Bell tolling for Prayers, he was oblig'd to leave a Game of *All-fours* unfinished ; telling his Antagonist, he wou'd soon dispatch his Audience, and see him out ; and for fear any Tricks shou'd be play'd with the Cards in his Absence, he put them in his Cassock. On asking one of the Children how many Commandments there were, and the Boy not readily answering, one of the Cards dropp'd out of his Sleeve. However, he had the Presence of Mind to bid the same Boy pick it up, and tell him what Card it was, which he readily did ; then turning to the Parents, said, *Are ye not asham'd to pay so little Regard to the eternal Welfare of your Children, as not to teach them their Commandments ? I suspected your Negligence, and brought this Card with me to detect your Immorality in teaching your Children to know their Cards before their Commandments*

A young Man, who was a very great Talker, making a Bargain with *Isocrates*, to be taught by him ; *Isocrates* ask'd double the Sum his other Pupils paid, and the Reason is, said he, *I must be oblig'd to teach thee two Sciences ; one to speak, and the other to hold thy Tongue.*

Two Gentlemen, one nam'd *Chambers*, the other *Garret*, riding by *Tyburn* together ; says the first, *This is a very pretty Tenement, if it had but a Garret. You Fool !* says *Garret*, *don't you know there must be Chambers first ?*

A busy Impertinent, entertaining *Aristotle* the Philosopher with a tedious Discourse, and observing that he did not much regard him, made an Apology, that he was afraid he had interrupted him. *No really,* reply'd the Philosopher, *you have not interrupted me at all, for I have not minded a Word you said.*

Tom Clark of *St. John's* desir'd a Fellow of the same College to lend him *Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation* ; the other told him, he cou'd not possibly spare it out of his Chamber, but if he pleas'd, he might come there and read it all Day long. Some Time after, the same Gentleman sends to *Tom*, to borrow his Bellows ; *Tom* sent him Word, *he cou'd not possibly spare them out of his Chamber, but he might come there and blow all day long if he wou'd.*

Two Gentlemen, the one nam'd *Woodcock*, the other *Fuller*, walking together, happen'd to see an Owl ; says the last, *That Bird is very like a Woodcock.* *You are wrong,* says the first, *for it is Fuller in the Head, Fuller in the Eyes, and Fuller all over.*

Lord Falkland, Author of the Play call'd, *The Marriage-night*, was chose into Parliament very young ; and when first elected, some of the Members oppos'd his Admission, saying, *He had not sow'd his wild Oats.* Then, reply'd he, *it will be the best Way to sow them in the House, where there are so many Geese to pick them up.*

A Dutches, in a late Reign, hearing that a Man in a high Post, where he had the Opportunity of fingering a great deal of Money, had married his kept Mistress : *Good Lord !* said she, *that Fellow is always robbing the Publick.*

A con-

A conceited Fellow, who had wrote a Number of Verses in praise of his Mistress, beginning with her Hand, and so proceeding to every Member down to the Feet; missing no Part but the Neck. *Oh!* said one, *there is good Reason for that; he reserves the Neck-verse for himself, knowing that he shall have Occasion for it hereafter.*

The Lord ***** when Mrs Rogers the Actress was young and handsome, us'd to dangle after her; and one Night being behind the Scenes, standing with his Arms folded in the Posture of a desponding Lover, ask'd her with a Sigh, *what was a Cure for Love?* *Your Lordship,* said she, *is the best in the World.*

A late Pope, being descended from a very mean Family, on his Advancement to the Holy See, bestow'd great Preferments on his beggarly Relations. Here-upon Pasquin the next Festival, very early in the Morning, was observ'd to have an exceeding dirty Shirt on, with a Scroll of Paper in his Hand; wherein was written, *How now, Pasquin, what! so dirty on a Holy-day?* and under that his Answer, *Alas! I have no clean Linen, my Washerwoman is made a Princess.*

The Deputies of Rochelle attending to speak with Henry IV. of France, met with a Physician, who had renounc'd the Protestant Religion, and embrac'd the Popish Communion, whom they began to revile; the King, hearing of it, told the Deputies he wou'd advise them to change their Religion too. *For it is a dangerous Symptom,* said he, *that your Religion is not long liv'd, when the Physician has given it over. —*

It was said of one, who remember'd every Thing he lent, and nothing he borrow'd, *That he had lost half his Memory.*

A knavish Attorney asking a very honest Gentleman, what was Honesty? He answer'd, *What is that to you? meddle with those Things which concern you.*

Not

Not many Years ago, a Temporal Peer, in a very pathetic and elegant Speech, expos'd the Vices and Irregularities of the *Clergy*, and vindicated the *Gentlemen of the Army*, from some Imputations unjustly thrown upon them: A certain Prelate, irritated at the Nature, as well as at the Length of his Speech, desir'd to know when that Noble Lord wou'd leave off preaching? The other answered, *The very Day his Majesty makes me a Bishop.*

A Lieutenant Colonel, in an *Irish* Regiment in the *French* Service, being dispatch'd by the Duke of *Berwick* from *Fort Keil*, to the King of *France*, with a Complaint of some Irregularities, which had happened in the Regiment; his Majesty, with some Emotion, told him, the *Irish* Troops gave him more Uneasiness, than all his Forces besides. Sir, reply'd the Officer, *all your Majesty's Enemies make the same Complaint.*

King *William III.* being upon a secret Expedition, was intreated by a General, to tell him his Design? Instead of answering him, the King ask'd, whether he cou'd keep a Secret, and wou'd let it go no farther? He promised it shou'd not. *Well then*, said his Majesty, *I know how to keep a Secret as well as you.*

A decay'd Gentleman came to one, who had been his Servant, to borrow Money, and receiv'd the following Answer; Lord, Sir, *what do you trouble me for? I have no Money to lend. I'm sure you lie*, says the Gentleman, *for if you was not rich, you durst not be so saucy.*

A Gentleman disputing about Religion in *Button's Coffee-House*, some of the Company said, You talk of Religion! I'll hold you five Guineas, you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer; Sir *Richard Steele* here shall hold Stakes. The Money being deposited, the Gentleman began, *I believe in G—d, and so went through his Creed. Well!* said the other, *I own I've lost; but did not think you cou'd have done it.*

When

When Mrs. *W*—— first acted Sir *Harry Wildair* at *Drury-lane* Playhouse, coming off the Stage into the Green Room, *I believe*, said she, *one half of the House take me really for a Man*. To which Mrs. *Clive* reply'd, *But the other half, Madam, know to the contrary*.

One meeting an old Acquaintance, whom the World had a little frown'd upon, ask'd where he liv'd ? *I don't know*, said he, *where I live ; but I starve down towards Wapping, and that Way*.

A Merchant-Ship being severely toss'd in a Storm, and all the Crew despairing of Safety, betook themselves to Prayers, except one Mariner, who was all the while wishing to see two Stars ; Oh ! said he, that I cou'd but see two Stars, or but one of them. He made so frequent Repetition of these Words, as to disturb the Meditation of the Rest ; at length, one of the Crew ask'd him, what two Stars, or what one Star he meant ? To whom he reply'd, *Oh ! that I cou'd see the Star in Cheapside, or that in Coleman-street, I care not which*.

A poor Fellow, going to Execution, had a Reprieve come just as he got to the Gallows, and was taken back by the Sheriff's Officer ; who told him he was a happy Fellow, and ask'd if he knew nothing of the Reprieve before ? *No*, reply'd the Fellow, *I thought no more of it, than I did of my dying Day*.

A Philosopher being ask'd, why learned Men frequented rich Men's Houses, and rich Men seldom visited the Learned ? answer'd, *That the first knew what they wanted, but the latter did not*.

An old Fellow, having a great Itch after his Neighbour's Wife, employ'd her Chamber-maid in the Affair. At their next Meeting, he enquir'd what Answer her Lady had sent him ? Answer ! says the Girl, why, she has sent you *this* for a Token, giving him a smart Slap on the Face. *Ay*, cry'd the old Fellow, rubbing

rubbing his Chops ; and you have lost none of it by the Way.

A young Lady being sick, a Physician was sent for, to feel her Pulse ; she very coy, and loath to let him touch her naked Skin, pull'd her Smock-sleeve over her Hand ; which the Doctor observing, took the Corner of his Coat, and laid it over her Smock-Sleeve ; at which, a Lady there present being surpriz'd, *Oh ! Madam*, said he, *a Linen Pulse must always have a Woollen Physician.*

A proud Parson and his Man, riding over a Common, saw a Shepherd tending his Flock, in a new Coat ; the Parson ask'd him in a haughty Tone, who gave him that Coat ? The same People, said the Shepherd, that cloath you, the Parish. The Parson, nettled a little, rode on murmuring a pretty Way, and sent his Man back to ask the Shepherd, if he wou'd come and live with him ? for he wanted a Fool. The Man went to the Shepherd accordingly, and deliver'd his Master's Message, concluding thereby, that his Master really wanted a Fool. *Why, are you going away then ?* said the Shepherd. No, answer'd the other. *Then you may tell your Master*, reply'd the Shepherd, *his Living won't maintain three of us.*

When the House of Commons order'd the Gate which join'd to *Whitehall*, to be pull'd down, to make the Coach-way more commodious, a Member mov'd, that the other, which was contiguous, might be taken down at the same Time ; which Motion was oppos'd by a Gentleman, who told the House, he had a very great Veneration for that ancient Fabric, that he look'd upon it as a noble Monument of Antiquity ; *that he had the Honour of having liv'd near it many Years*, and therefore begg'd the House wou'd continue that Honour to him, of which, it wou'd really make him unhappy to be now depriv'd. Counsellor *Hungerford* seconded this Motion, and said, *it wou'd be a thousand Pities, that the Honourable Gentleman shou'd not be indulg'd to live still by his Gate, for he was sure he cou'd never live by his Style.*

Doctor

Dr *Mickringal*, one of King *Charles* the Second's Chaplains, whenever he preach'd before his Majesty, was sure to tell him of his Faults, and scold severely from the Pulpit ; his Majesty, one Day walking in the *Mall*, observ'd the Doctor before, and sent to speak to him. Doctor, said the King, what have I done to you, that you are always quarrelling with me ? I hope your Majesty is not angry with me, replies the Doctor, for telling the Truth. No, no, says the King ; but I wou'd have us be Friends for the future. Well, well, says the Doctor, I'll make it up with your Majesty on these Terms : *As you mend, I'll mend.*

A Country Bumpkin, coming to *London*, was very much taken with the Sight of a Chair, or Sedan ; and bargain'd with the Chairmen to carry him to the Place he nam'd. The Chairmen, observing the Curiosity of the Clown to be unsuitable to the Meanness of his Dress, privately took out the Bottom of the Chair, and then put him into it ; so that, when they took it up, his Feet were upon the Ground ; and as the Chairmen advanc'd, so did he : To add to their Diversion, if they saw any Place dirtier than ordinary, they chose to go through it. The Countryman, believing that others us'd to be carried, or driven in the same Manner, when he came to his Lodgings, paid them their Fare. Returning into the Country, he told them what rare Things he had seen in *London*, and amongst the rest, that he had been carried in a Sedan. A Sedan ! says one, what is that ? *Why*, reply'd he, *like our Watch-house, only it is cover'd with Leather ; but were it not for the Name of a Sedan, one might e'en as well walk o' Foot.*

Two Gentlemen standing together ; as a young Lady pass'd them, one of 'em said, *There goes the handsomest Woman I ever saw.* She hearing, turn'd back, and observing him to be very ugly, answer'd, *I wish, Sir, I cou'd in Return, say as much of you.* So you may, Madam, says he, *and lie as I did.*

A certain Couple, going to *Dunmow* in *Essex*, to demand the Flitch of Bacon, which is to be given to

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every

every married Couple, who can swear they have had no Dispute, nor once repented their Bargains, in a Year and a Day ; the Steward, ready to deliver it, ask'd where they wou'd put it ? The Husband produc'd a Bag, and told him, in that. That, says the Steward, is not half big enough : *So I told my Wife, answer'd the good Man, and I believe we have had a hundred Words about it. Ay, said the Steward ! but they were not such as will butter any Cabbage to be eat with this Bacon ; and so hangs the Flitch up again.*

A Scotch Bagpiper travelling into Ireland, open'd his Wallet by a Wood-side, and sat down to Dinner ; he had no sooner said Grace, than three Wolves came about him. To one he threw Bread, to another Meat, till his Provision was all gone ; at length, he took up his Bagpipes, and began to play ; at which the Wolves ran away. *The Deel saw me, said Sawney, an I had kenn'd you lov'd Musick so, ye shou'd have had it before Dinner.*

A Fellow hearing the Drums beat up for Volunteers for France, in the Expedition against the Dutch, imagin'd himself valiant enough, and thereupon listed. When he return'd, his Friends ask'd what Exploits he did there ? He answer'd, *that he cut off one of the Enemy's Legs ;* and being told, it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his Head, *Oh !* says he, *you must know his Head was cut off before.*

An Italian having wrote a Book upon the making of Gold, dedicated it to Pope Leo X. in hopes of a considerable Reward ; his Holiness, finding the Man continually following him, gave to him a large empty Purse, saying, *Sir, since you know the Art of making Gold, you can have no Need of any Thing but a Purse to put it in.*

Mr Prior, when Ambassador, being at one of the French Opera's at Paris, and seated in a Box with a Nobleman he was very free with, who, as is usual in France, sung louder than the Performers, utter'd some sharp Investives against him ; upon which, his Lordship

ship desisted, to enquire the Reason of 'his Displeasure ; adding, that the Person he exclaim'd against so fiercely, was one of the finest Voices they had. *Yes*, replies his Excellency, *but he makes such a horrid Noise, that I can't have the Pleasure to hear your Lordship.*

A Fellow, standing in the Pillory near *Temple-bar*, occasion'd a great Stop, so that a Carman with a Load of Cheese, had much ado to get along ; and driving just up to the Pillory, ask'd what was wrote over the Criminal's Head ? They told, it was a Paper to signify his Crime, and that he stood there for *Forgery*. Ah ! continued he, and what is *Forgery* ? They answer'd, that *Forgery* was counterfeiting another's Hand, with intent to cheat People. To which, the Carman reply'd, looking up at the Offender ; *Oh ! Pox on ye, this comes of your Writing and Reading, you silly Dog !*

The Rev. Mr H—— waiting one Day at Sir Robert's Levee, was ask'd by the Knight, what brought him there ? The Orator reply'd, I hear you want a good Pen. No, says Sir Robert, *I don't*. Then, said the Orator, I have a bad one, which perhaps, you mayn't like. *If very bad*, says the other, *I must get one of the Secretaries of State to mend it.*

A Bishop, going in great haste to *Rome* to be Cardinaliz'd, mis'd the Promotion ; and, in his Return, got a violent Cold on the Way. *It is no Wonder*, said one that was told of it, *since he came so far without his Hat.*

A young Man married a very ill-temper'd Woman, to whom, notwithstanding her Perverseness, he behav'd well, and was very kind ; she, however not contented, made continual Complaints to her Father, to the great Grief of both Families. The Husband, no longer able to endure this scurvy Humour, bang'd her heartily ; hereupon she renews her Complaints to the old Man, who being now better acquainted with her ill Humours, took her to Task, and laced her Sides soundly too ; saying, *Go, commend me to your Husband, and*

*tell him, I am now even with him; for I have cutt
gell'd his Wife, as he has beaten my Daughter.*

A petulant self-will'd Coxcomb was threatning, if his Humour was not gratified, to leave his Relations and Family, and go into *France*. *Let him alone*, says one, *he'll come back from France, before he gets half Way to Dover.*

An *Irish* Fellow, vaunting of his Birth and Family, affirm'd, that when he came first to *England*, he cut such a Figure, as the Bells were rung through every Town he pass'd to *London*. *Ab!* says a Gentleman in Company, *I suppose that was, because you came up in a Waggon with a Bell-team.*

Fond Wives, said one, do by their Husbands, as Barren Wives do by their Lap-dogs; *cram them with Sweet-meats, till they cloy their Stomachs.*

A *Scotch* Parson, in the Time of the Rump, said in his babbling Prayer, *Laird bless the grand Council, the Parliament, and grant they may all hang together.* A Country Fellow, standing by, said, *Yes, yes, with all my Heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure it is the Prayer of all good People.* *But, Friends,* says *Sawney*, *I don't mean as that Fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in Accord and Concord.* *No matter what Cord,* reply'd the other, *if it be but a strong Cord.*

Three young Wits, as they conceited themselves, passing along the Road near *Oxford*, met a grave old Gentleman, with whom they had a Mind to be rudely merry; *Good morrow, Father Abraham,* said one, *Good morrow, Father Isaac,* says the second, *Good morrow, Father Jacob,* says the last. *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob,* reply'd the old Gentleman, *but Saul, the Son of Kish, who went out to seek his Father's Asses; and lo! here I have found them.*

Two Country Attornies, overtaking a Waggoner on the Road, and thinking to crak a Joke on him, ask'd
why

why his Fore-horse was so Fat, and the rest so Lean ? The Waggoner, knowing them to be Limbs of the Law, answer'd, *That his Fore-horse was a Lawyer, and the rest were his Clients.*

Some young Fellows said, mett'd Girls were generally in the Wrong ; so very impudent, that they became *nauseous*, or so very Modest that they were *useless*.

Mr C—r, the Comedian, came one Day to his Father, and begg'd he wou'd advance him a hundred Pounds, which wou'd make all his Affairs easy. It is very strange, says the Father, you can't live upon your Salary, Benefit, and other Advantages ; when I was of your Age, I never spent any of my Father's Money. *I don't know that*, answer'd the Son, *but I'm sure you have spent many hundred Pounds of my Father's Money.*

A Bridegroom, the first Night he was in Bed with his Bride, said to her, Hadst thou condescended, when I solicited thy Chastity, I shou'd never have made thee my Wife ; for I did it purely to try thee. *Faith!* says she, *I did imagine as much ; but I had been cozen'd so three or four Times before, and I was resolv'd to be fool'd so no more in that manner.*

A certain great Man, who had been a furious Party-man, and most surprizingly changing Sides for the sake of a Coronet, was soon after at Cards with Lady **** and complain'd in the midst of a Game, that he had a great Pain in his Side. I thought your Lordship had no Side, said she. Yes, answer'd my Lord, I have, and a Back side too. *Have you so*, reply'd my Lady, *every Body knows your Wife has one.*

A Countryman enquiring the Way to Newgate, an Arch Fellow, who heard him, said, he'd shew him the Way presently. *Do but go cross the Kennel*, said he, *to yon Goldsmith's Shop, and move off with one of those silver Tankards, and it will bring you thither presently.*

Two Oxford Scholars meeting on the Road with a Yorkshire Ostler, fell to bantering him, and one of 'em told the Fellow, he wou'd prove Tiime to be a Horse or an Ass. Well, said the other, and I can prove you: Saddle to be a Mule. A Mule! cry'd one of them, how the Deel can that be? *Because*, says the other, *it is something between a Horse and an Ass.*

One losing a Bag of Money about 50 l. between Temple-gate and Temple-bar, fix'd up a Paper, offering 10 l. Reward to those who took it up, and wou'd return it. Hereupon the Person who found it, wrote underneath, *Sir I thank you, but you really bid me to my Loss.*

A Company of Gamesters, falling out at a Tavern, gave one another very ill Language; at Length, the Bottles and Glasses, those dreadful Messengers of Anger, flew about like Hail; one of which, mistaking its Errand, and hitting against the Wainscot, instead of the Person's Head it was thrown at, brought in the Drawer; who cry'd, *Do ye call, Gentlemen? Call Gentlemen*, says one of the Standers by. *No, they don't call Gentlemen, but they call one another Rogue and Rascal.*

A wild young Gentleman married a discreet and virtuous young Lady, who, to reclaim him, order'd it to be given out, at his Return from his Travels, that she was dead and buried; in the mean Time, plac'd herself in Disguise so, as to be able to observe how he took the News; and finding him still the same gay inconstant Man, she appear'd to him as her own Ghost, at which he being not in the least dismayed, she at length discover'd the Fraud; at which he seem'd exceedingly surpriz'd. A Person by said, *Why Sir, do you seem more afraid now than before? Don't wonder at that*, said he, *most Men are more afraid of a live Wife, than a dead one.*

Some unlucky Westminster Scholars, under Dr. Busby, besmear'd the Stairs leading to the School with some-

something that shall be nameless : The Doctor, as was design'd, foul'd his Fingers very much with it ; which so enrag'd him, that he cry'd out, he wou'd give any Boy half a Crown, to discover who had a Hand in it. An arch Boy immediately told him, for that Reward he wou'd let him know who had a Hand in it. Well, said the Doctor, I'll certainly give you the half Crown, if you tell me Truth. *Why, then Sir,* answer'd the Boy, *you had a Hand in it, look at your Fingers else.*

An honest *French* Dragoon, in the Service of *Lewis XIV.* having caught a Fellow in Bed with his Wife, after some Words, told him, he wou'd let him escape this Time ; but, if ever he found him there again, he wou'd throw his Hat out at the Window. Notwithstanding this terrible Threat, in a few Days, he caught the Spark in the same Place, and was as good as his Word : Sensible of what he had done, he posted away to the Place, where he knew the King was to be ; and throwing himself at his Majesty's Feet, implor'd his Pardon. The King ask'd what his Offence was ? He told him, he had been abus'd. Well, well, said the King, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your Provocation ; I think you was much in the Right to throw *his Hat out at the Window.* Yes, and it please you, my Liege, *but his Head was in it,* said the Dragoon. Was it, reply'd the King ? Well, my Word is pass'd.

A *Gascon* Officer, who had serv'd under *Henry IV.* King of *France*, not having receiv'd any Pay for a considerable Time ; came to the King, and confidently said to him, Sir, three Words with your Majesty, *Money, or Discharge.* Four with you, answer'd his Majesty,, *Neither one nor t'other.*

An *Irishman*, having been oblig'd to live with his Master some Time in *Scotland*, when he came back, some of his Companions ask'd how he lik'd *Scotland* ? *I will tell you now,* said he, *By Chrest, I was Sick all de while I was dare ; and if I had liv'd dare till this Time, I had been dead a Year ago.*

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A certain Musician, who had a very bad Voice, as he was singing one Day, took Notice of a Gentlewoman, that fell a crying; when imagining that the Sweetness of his Melody awaked some Passion in her Breast, he began to sing louder, and she to weep more bitterly. He had no sooner ended his Song, but going to the Lady, he asked her why she cried? Oh! said she, I am the unfortunate Woman, whose As the Wolves devoured yesterday, and no sooner did I hear you sing, but I thought of my poor As, for surely, never were two Voices so much alike.

Of all Coxcombs, the most intolerable in Conversation is the *fighting Fool*, and the *opinionated Wit*: One is always talking to shew his Parts, the other always quarrelling to shew his Valour.

A Person of Quality, coming into a Church, where many of his Ancestors lay buried; after he had spoke much in their Commendation, and praised them for worthy Men, *Well!* said he, *I'm resolved, if I live till I die, to be buried as near them as possible.*

A *Flemish* Tyler in *Flanders*, accidentally fell from the Top of a House upon a *Spaniard*, and kill'd him; tho' he escap'd himself. The next of Blood prosecuted his Death with great Violence against the Tyler, and when offer'd pecuniary Recompense, nothing wou'd serve him, but *Lex Talionis*. Hereupon the Judge said to him, if he did insist upon that Sentence, *he shou'd go up to the Top of the same House, and fall down from thence upon the Tyler.*

A Bishop of *Servia* in *Italy*, came in violent Haste to the Pope, and told him that it was currently reported, his Holiness had done him the Honour of making him Governor of Rome. *How!* said the Pope; *don't you know Fame spreads many false Reports? and I dare say, you'll find this one of 'em.*

Two very honest Gentlemen, who dealt in Brooms, meeting one Day in the Street ; one ask'd the other, how the D—l he cou'd afford to undersel him every where, as he did, when he stole the Stuff, and made the Brooms himself ? *Why, you filly Dog, answer'd the other, I steal them ready made.*

An Archbishop, blaming some particular Actions of Queen *Elizabeth*, brought Arguments from Scripture, to prove she was more Politician than Christian. *I see, my Lord, says she, you have read the Scriptures, but not the Book of Kings.*

One, being at his Wife's Funeral, and the Bearers going hastily along, call'd out to them, *Don't go so fast, what need we make a Toil of a Pleasure ?*

An ingenious young Gentleman of *Oxford* was appointed to preach at St. *Mary's*, before the Vice-chancellor and the Heads of the University. Having often observ'd the Drowiness of the Vice-chancellor, he took for his Text, *What ! cannot ye watch one Hour ?* And at the End of every Division, he repeated those Words, which, by Reason the Vice-chancellor sat near the Pulpit, often awak'd him. This was highly applauded by the Wits, and at Length became the Talk of all the University, and nettled the Vice-chancellor to such a Degree, that he complain'd of it to the Archbishop of *Canterbury* ; who, willing to redress him, sent for the Preacher up to *London*, to make his Defence against the Crime laid to his Charge. On his Examination, he gave so many Instances of his extraordinary Wit, that the Archbishop enjoin'd him to preach before King *James* ; to which, after some Excuses, he agreed. Coming up into the Pulpit, he begins ; *James the first, and sixth, Waver not* ; meaning the First King of *England*, and Sixth of *Scotland*. The King at first seem'd amaz'd at the Text, but in the End, was well pleas'd with the Sermon ; and made him one of his Chaplains in Ordinary. After his Advancement, the Archbishop sent him back to *Oxford*, to make his Recantation to the Vice-chancellor, and take leave of the University, which he did accordingly, and took
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the latter Part of the Verse of his former Text ; namely, *Sleep on now, and take your Rest*. In the Conclusion of his Sermon, he made his Apology to the Vice-chancellor, saying, *Whereas I said before*, which gave Offence, *What ! can't you watch one Hour ?* I now say, *Sleep on and take your Rest* ; and so left the University.

In King *James* the first's Time, my Lord *Craven* was very desirous to see *Ben Johnson*, which *Ben* being told of, went to his House in a tatter'd Condition, as Poets sometimes are ; the Porter gave him saucy Language, and refus'd him Admittance, which *Ben* did not fail to return. My Lord chanc'd to come out while they were wrangling, and ask'd the Occasion ? *Ben*, who stood in Need of Nobody to speak for him, said, he understood his Lordship desir'd to see him. You, Friend ! reply'd my Lord, who are you ? *Ben Johnson*, reply'd the other. No, no, says his Lordship, you can't be *Ben Johnson*, who wrote the *Silent Woman* ; you look as if you cou'd not say, *Bo* to a Goose. *Bo*, cries *Ben*. Very well, said my Lord, who was better pleas'd with the Joke, than offended at the Affront ; I am now convinc'd by your Wit, that you are *Ben Johnson*.

The famous *Jack Ogle* of facetious Memory, having borrow'd five Pounds on his Note, and failing in Payment, his Creditor indiscreetly took Occasion to tell of it in a Publick *Coffee-house* ; hereupon *Jack* sent him a Challenge. Being got into the Field, the Gentleman who lent the Money, being a little Tender in Point of Courage, offer'd him the Note to make up the Quarrel ; to which our Hero consented, and the Note was deliver'd. But now, said the Gentleman, if we shou'd return without fighting, our Companions will laugh at us ; therefore let us give each other a slight Scratch, and say, we are both wounded. With all my Heart, says *Jack*, come, I'll wound you first ; so drawing his Sword, he whip'd it thro' the fleshy Part of his Antagonist's Arm, and brought Tears into his Eyes. This done, and the Wound tied up with a Handkerchief, Come, says the Gentleman, now where shall

shall I wound you? *Jack*, putting himself in a Posture of Defence, said, *Where you can, Sir. Well, well*, reply'd the Gentleman, *I can swear I receiv'd this Wound of you, and walk'd off contented.*

Sir *Francis Bacon* was won't to say of a passionate Man, who suppress'd his Anger, *That he thought worse than he spoke*; and of an angry Man that wou'd vent his Passion in Words, *That he spoke worse than he thought.*

Married Women, says one, usually shew all their Modesty the *first Day*, as married Men shew all their Love the *first Night*.

A certain Captain, who had made a greater Figure than his Income wou'd bear, and his Regiment not being paid as they expected, was forc'd to lay down Part of his Equipage. A few Days after, walking by the Road-side, he saw one of his Soldiers lousing himself under a Hedge: *What are you doing there*, said the Captain? *Why Faith, Sir*, answer'd the Soldier, *I am following your Example; getting rid of Part of my Retinue.*

A Plain Country Fellow, born in *Essex*, coming to *London*, where he had never been before; going along a Street, not far from *Mark-lane*, saw a Rope hanging at a Merchant's Door, with a Handle to it; and wondering what it meant, took it in his Hand, and play'd with it to and fro. At length pulling hard, the Bell rung, and the Merchant, happening to be near the Door, open'd it himself, demanding what the Fellow wanted? Nothing Sir, says he, I did but play with this pretty Thing, which hangs at your Door. What Countryman are you? says the Merchant. An *Essex* Man, an't please you, replies the other. I thought so, says the Merchant, having been often told, if a Man beat a Bush in *Essex*, there presently comes out a Calf. *It may be so*, says the Countryman; *and I think a Man can no sooner ring a Bell in London, but out pops a Cuckold.*

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A Person of a College put his Horse into a Field, belonging to *Merton in Oxford*, and being often warn'd of it, took no Notice thereof; the Master of that College sent his Man to him, bidding him say, if he continued the Trespass, he wou'd cut off his Horse's Tail. Say you so, replies the Person? Go, tell your Master, if he cuts off my Horse's Tail, I'll cut off his Ears. The Servant return'd, deliver'd the Message, and was sent back to bring the Person to his Master; who making his Appearance, the Master said, How now, Sir, what mean you by that Menace you sent me? Sir, said the other, *I threatned you not; for I only said, if you cut off my Horse's Tail, I wou'd cut off his Ears.*

A Gentleman, in King *Charles the Second's* Time, who had paid a tedious Attendance at Court, in soliciting a Place, and after a thousand Promises, seem'd as far off as ever; at last, resolv'd to see the King himself. When introduc'd, he told his Majesty what Pretensions he had to his Favour, and boldly ask'd for the Place, just then vacant? The King, hearing his Story, told him, the Place was just given away. Upon this, the Gentleman, making very low Obedience to the King, thank'd him many Times over. The King, observing how thankful he was, call'd him again, and ask'd the Reason, why he thank'd him in so extraordinary a Manner, when he had denied his Suit? *The rather, and please your Majesty,* reply'd the Gentleman; *your Courtiers have kept me here these two Years, and gave me a thousand Put-offs, but your Majesty has saved me all that Trouble, and generously given me my Answer at once.* Gads Fish, Man, says the King, *thou shalt have the Place for thy downright Honesty.*

One telling another, he had once so excellent a Gun, that it went off immediately at Thieves coming into the House, altho' it was not charged. How the Devil can that be, says the other? *Because,* said the other, *the Thief carry'd it off; and what was worse, before I had Time to charge him with it.*

A Surgeon dressing a poor Man, whose Eye had been struck with a Stone, which had beat it out; the Patient ask'd him, whether he should lose his Eye? *No, no, says the Surgeon; I have got it in my Hand.*

A Scots Member of great Wit and Humour, coming one Morning to the Duke of *Argyle*, at the Time of the great Opposition between him and Sir *Robert*; told his Grace, that he had some very bad News to acquaint him with. What's the Matter? quoth the Duke. *Be me Troth*, quo' he, *what I have to tell ye, is very barwd on oor Seed.* Prithee, quoth the Duke, don't keep me in Suspence; what is it? *Does your Grace ken that Wallie is bout over?* That's impossible, says the Duke, for a stauncher Man does not live, than honest *Wallie*; but why d'ye think so? *Why, an't please your Grace, I saw t'other Morn a three Pund twalve in his Hond; and I'm sure Wallie ne'er brout that owt on his own Coountry.*

A Gentleman, not so remarkable for his Oeconomy, as his Wit and Humour, was one Day rallying the late *Peter Walters* on his Avarice. For my Part, quoth the Gentleman, I don't know any Difference between a Shilling and a Sixpence; for when one is changed, 'tis gone, and so is the other. *Ab*, says Peter, *my old Friend, you mayn't know the Difference between a Shilling and Sixpence now; but believe me, you will, when you are worth Eighteen Pence.*

Peter, one Day being a little severe on a Gentleman, who didn't want Wit, was ask'd by him, how the D—l he came to be so witty, and where he got it all? *Why*, says Peter, *I am sure Nature never gave me any; but you must know, I have lately bought a good many Estates of Men of Wit, and they always gave me their Wit into the Bargain.*

Two neighbouring Gentlemen of equal Fortune, and remarkable for their Avarice, were distinguish'd in their Parish by the Names of *Crib* and *Starve-Gut*. Mr. *Crib* often visited his Neighbour, and was as often visited by him, but as they had both the same End in

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View,

View, they never ask'd each other to eat or drink ; and thus they went on together very amicably, 'till *Crib* one Day was present at his Friend's, when a Man came to pay the Interest of a Thousand Pounds, which rais'd Master *Crib*'s Envy so much, that he left the Room, and went home ; but return'd in the Evening to Mr. *Starve-Gut*, in order to learn some of his saving Maxims. When *Crib* came in, he found him writing a Letter by a Farthing Candle ; he was no sooner set down, but Mr. *Starve-Gut* put it out. How now, says *Crib*, what's that for ? To which *Starve-Gut* reply'd, Can't we two talk as well in the Dark ? Faith, Neighbour, says *Crib*, you are an excellent Oeconomist ; I wish you'd teach me some of your Rules. Why, Friend, says *Starve-Gut*, one of my chief Maxims is, never to spend more than is necessary, witness the Candle ! Right, quoth *Crib*. I remember, says *Starve-Gut*, the Saying of an old Philosopher, which ought to be writ in Letters of Gold ; namely, *That whatever is unnecessary, is too dear at a Farthing*. Right, quoth *Crib* : thank you, Neighbour ; Edad, I'll set this down. Now we are talking of Saving, says *Starve-Gut*, let me ask you one Question, for you must know there is a great Difference between being covetous, and being saving ; for my Part, there's nothing I hate more than a stingy Man, but, to my Question ; Pray, Friend *Crib*, do you shave yourself ? Quoth *Crib*, what, do you take me for a Fool ? Well, well, says *Starve-Gut*, don't be in a Passion, I did but ask ; but what do you do with your Lather ? Why fling it away, says *Crib*, what do you think ? Why there it is now, says *Starve-Gut*, that's enough to ruin any Man ; why, I always wash half a Dozen Handkerchiefs, and a Night-cap in mine, and then save it to wash my Stockings.

A young Student, shewing the *Museum* at *Oxon* to a Set of Gentlemen and Ladies, among other Things produc'd a rusty Sword : This, says he, Gentlemen, is the Sword, with which *Balaam* was going to kill his As. Upon which, one of the Company replied, that he thought *Balaam* had no Sword, but only wish'd for one.

one. You are right, says the Student, and this is the very Sword he wish'd for.

A Man, remarkable for shooting the long Bow, gave the following Account of an Eccho ; he said, as he was sailing in a Man of War, very near the Shore in *Devonshire*, he heard so fine a Consort of Musick, that he thought *Handel* and his Band were playing Concertoes on the Shore. For, said he, 'twas a fine Summer's Eve, the Sea as smooth as Glass, and not a Breath of Wind stirring ; and the Captain, being a *Devonshire* Man, thought that some neighbouring Gentlemen were making merry there ; he order'd out his Boat, and took me with him on Shore, and when we came up to the Musick, said he, What do you think it was ? The Company being puzzled to find it out, he told them 'twas nothing but a Shepherd playing upon a *Jews-harp*, and the Variety of Sound which they heard, was owing to the Eccho of the Rocks. Strange Eccho, indeed, says a Gentleman in Company, tho' nothing like one I heard in *Devonshire* myself ; for, said he, a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, shewing me his Gardens, Park, and other Curiosities, brought me at last upon a Mount, which had a Ruin that stood at some small Distance ; that Ruin, says my Friend, makes the finest Eccho from this Place, which you ever heard, he bid me hollow and try ; upon which, I, with a loud Voice cried, How do you do ? And the Eccho answer'd, Very well.

An Under *Sheriff* in *Sussex*, being to attend a Malefactor to Execution on a *Friday*, went to him the *Wednesday* before, to ask the following Favour ; My good Friend, says the *Sheriff*, you know I have Orders to see you executed next *Friday* ; now it so falls out, that I have Business of the utmost Importance to do at *London* on that Day, and as you must die so soon, one Day's Difference can make no Odds ; you know I have been very kind to you during your Confinement, and I shou'd take it as a particular Favour, if you wou'd be hang'd on *Thursday* Morning. To which the Prisoner replied, 'Tis very true, you have been very kind to me, for which I return you my hearty

H 2

Thanks,

Thanks, and am very sorry I cannot oblige you in this Particular ; for it also so falls out with me, that I have some Business of great Importance to do on *Friday-Morning* ; but, Mr. *Sheriff*, to shew you that I am not an ungrateful Man ; suppose we put off this said hanging till *Monday* morning : If you like that, Mr. *Sheriff*, I'll do it with all my Heart.

A great *Epicure*, making a Visit to a Nobleman of his Acquaintance, found him playing at Back-gammon with his Chaplain ; the Clergyman leaving the Room, the Gentleman ask'd his Friend, how he cou'd be so mean, as to sit playing with his Chaplain ? and swore, for his Part, he wou'd rather play with his Cook. Why then, says the Nobleman, you wou'd do the very same Thing, for which you abuse me ; for as you make a God of your Guts, your Cook is your Chaplain.

One of the Rebels having escap'd out of the Tower in the Year fifteen, a Gentleman, frighten'd out of his Senses, ran to King *George I* to acquaint him of this News ; and begg'd his Majesty wou'd tell him what he cou'd do in this Case. Really, Sir, says the King, for your Part, I don't know what you can do ; but, for the Prisoner's Part, I think he cou'd not have done better than he has.

A Regiment of Horse in King *William's* Time, being quarter'd at *Canterbury*, and the Archbishop being then there, he invited all the Officers of the Regiment to Dinner. One of the Cornets being oblig'd to keep Guard that Day, and lamenting his Misfortune, that he cou'd not have the Honour to dine with the Bishop, bethought himself of this Stratagem : He knew that one of his Brother Cornets was gone out of Town, and wou'd not return till Evening ; he determin'd therefore to wait for him at his Lodgings, and frighten him by a false Message from the Bishop. Accordingly when his Comrade arriv'd, he address'd him thus : *Tom*, I believe I shall surprize you. Why, says *Tom*, what the De'l is the Matter ? No great Matter, says his Comrade, only the Bishop has sent for all the Officers to hear them their Catechism. The De-
vil

vil he has, quoth *Tom* ! Then I am ruin'd Horfe and Foot, for, as I am a Sinner, I can't say three Lines. Never be troubled about that, says his Comrade, I can say mine every Word ; and if you'll mount Guard for me to-morrow, I'll go in your Place. With all my Heart, says *Tom*, and thank you to Boot ; so the next Day they all, except *Tom*, din'd with the Bishop : His Lordship, being a very polite Man, told the Colonel, that he hop'd all his Officers were there ; for he intended it as a general Invitation. The Colonel told him, they were all there, except one young Gentleman, who was oblig'd to mount Guard. The Bishop took no Notice of it then, but the next Day sent his Servant to the absent Gentleman, to desire his Company by himself ; *Tom* had no sooner receiv'd the Message, than he ran frighten'd out of his Senses to his Comrade, to make his Complaint : Ah ! my Friend, says *Tom*, 'tis all in Vain ; I must go at last, the Bishop has sent for me. Never mind it, says his Comrade, you'll do very well ; he did not ask us above one Question or two. *Tom* being thus prepar'd, went to the Bishop's, where he was introduc'd into a Parlour ; at length his Lordship came in : Sir, says the Bishop, I am sorry I cou'd not have the Pleasure of your Company yesterday ; may I crave your Name, says the Bishop ? *Thomas*, my Lord, replied the Cornet. What Countryman, says the Bishop ? My God-fathers and Godmothers, replied the Cornet. Says the Bishop, I don't mean to catechise you, and thus the Cheat was discover'd.

Some People are wonderfully fond of the Hyperbole, and especially, when by the Use of this Figure they can aggrandize the Place of their Birth ; my Friend *Tom Startle* is of this Disposition, and generally takes care to let every Body know it. I remember *Tom* in a Company once took an Opportunity to go off upon the Fertility of his Country, and told the Gentlemen, that the Turnips in that Place were so much bigger than the Sheep, that they frequently eat into them, and buried themselves there from the Cold. That I know to be true, says a Gentleman present, for I was once at Dinner upon a boil'd

Leg of Mutton and Turnips in your very Parish ; and from the very first Turnip I cut, out jump'd a Sheep.

A Clergyman in the North, who had a large Family, and but a very small Living, betook himself to fishing for their Support. It happen'd once, that the Arch-deacon, on his Visitation, pass'd by the very River where the Vicar was fishing ; and seeing him dress'd in black, ask'd if he was the Clergyman of the Parish ? Yes, Sir, answers the Vicar. Well, quoth Mr. *Arch-deacon*, and have you here many Souls ? No, says the Vicar, (intent on his fishing) very few, but we have Flounders, Gudgeons, and Chubs.

After the Death of the late Earl of *Derby*, the Isle of *Man* devolv'd to his Grace the present Duke of *Athol*, who went over to take a View of his new Possession ; where observing a Fisherman, with a Mare loaded with Oysters, his Grace commanded him to open some, in order to taste them. While this was doing, the poor Mare piss'd, upon which he beat her unmercifully ; a Gentleman, who was with the Duke, ask'd the Fisherman the Cause of his Outrage ? *Why Sir*, reply'd the poor Fellow, *she ought to be kill'd for pissing before his Highland Glory*, an unmannerly Jade.

A young Gentlewoman, lately arriv'd from *Barbadoes*, came to *Leadenhall* Market, to buy a Scrag of Mutton for Broth ; for which the Butcher ask'd Ninepence. That's too much, said she, cut it off, Sir, and I'll give you a *Bit* * for it. D—n your *Bit*, Madam, I want none of your *Bits*, reply'd the Butcher ; I've a much better *Bit* than you at Home.

Two Gentlemen, having Words in a Tavern, at length fell to fighting with their Canes ; a Stander by, observing one of them to strike his Antagonist over the Head, while the other only belabour'd the Sides and Shoulders ; after the Fray was over, ask'd the latter, why he did not strike upon the Head also ? Oh ! Sir, said he, if I had hit him over the Head, I shou'd have broke my Cane.

* A *Bit* in *Barbadoes* is a Piece of Money valu'd at 7d.

A Gentleman ask'd my Friend, Sir Roger *Shakeside*, in the Company of a certain Lady, what was the fundamental Trade in *London*? *The Trade of Love*, Sir, quoth Sir Roger. *Very true*, says the Lady, *I believe it may; but 'tis a Business*, Sir Roger, *that few Men care for after Marriage*.

A certain Clergyman in the West of *England*, being at the Point of Death, a Neighbouring Brother, who had some Interest with his Patron, apply'd to him for the next Presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recover'd, upbraided him with Breach of Friendship, and said, he wanted his Death. No, no, Doctor, says the other; you quite mistake, *'twas your Living I wanted*.

My Friend, *Tom Tickle* is peculiarly odd in his Manner of drawing Characters: I remember, he once, while I was with him, sent his Servant to a Gentleman, who is remarkable for being always in a Hurry, with a Message of great Importance; but the Servant return'd, and told his Master, that the Gentleman was in so great a Hurry, he cou'd not speak to him. *'Tis no more than what I expected*, says Tom, *for he loses an Hour in the Morning, and runs after it all Day*.

A young Gentleman, who had an Inclination to get upon the Stage, apply'd to Mr. *Rich*, who desir'd him to speak some Lines of Tragedy, in the famous Soliloquy of *Hamlet*. The Gentleman began in a very disagreeable Manner, *To be, or not to be, that is the Question*——*Not to be*, says *Rich*, and so left him to rant by himself.

'Tis customary for the Clergy in most Counties to have annual Meetings, in order to settle the Affairs of the Church. There belonged to a Society of this Sort in *Dorsetshire*, a Clergyman of good Nature, and good Fortune; one who was a good Christian, a good Poet, and a good Divine, capable of making excellent Sermons, but preach'd them badly. At one of these Meetings, after the Gentlemen had din'd, and the Servants were set down together, this Clergyman's
Man

Man, who was a Stranger, ask'd another, What so many Parsons met together for? *Why*, answered he, to *swap Sermons*. *Ay*, quoth the Former, *then my Master is always most damnably cheated; for he never gets a good one.*

A certain Bishop who had long promised a Friend to give him a Living, wrote to offer him a little one just fallen, in his Gift, and in the Letter told the Clergyman, he was sorry it was so small; *But however*, added his Lordship, *it will be sufficient to find you in Hay*, upon which the Parson wrote the following *Laconic Letter*,

My Lord,

I can't eat Hay.

Yours THOMAS SHORT.

It has been often observ'd, and with too much Truth, that *English* Gentlemen reap no Benefit by travelling. *Tom Smart* made a pretty Use of this when he told a prating Coxcomb, just return'd from *Italy*, *That the English went out Figures, and return'd Cyphers.*

Hippesly, the Player, having a large full Wig on, which he had not paid for, was told by a Friend of his, that it was a very good one. *Faith!* Sir, said he, with his usual Humour, *I know not how good it may prove in the long run, but at present it has run me over Head and Ears in Debt.*

The Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, having presented Dr. *Sheridan* to a Living, the first Sunday he preach'd there happened to be the Anniversary of the King's Accession to the Throne, and he undesignedly took these Words for his Text. *Sufficient for the Day is the Evil thereof.* Hereupon he was represented to his Excellency as a disaffected Person, and could never obtain any farther Preferment. Dr. *Swift*, being inform'd of this, said, *Poor Sheridan, had shot his Preferment dead with a single Text.*

Jack

Jack Ketch having hang'd a Person who had a good Pair of Breeches on, was ask'd the Price of them by one of the Spectators ; What will you give for them, says *Jack* ? The Fellow reply'd Three Half Crowns ; I'll give Ten Shillings, says another, which *Jack* refus'd, and took the first Offer. The Under-Sheriff a little surpriz'd to see him take the least Money, ask'd the Reason of it, and upbraided him for a Fool. No matter for that, Sir, says *Jack* ; *This Man has promis'd never to wear them but when he goes to Church, and I shall certainly have them again next Hanging-Day.*

A Gentleman in Company complaining that he was very subject to catch cold of his Feet, another not overloaded with Sense, told him, that might easily be prevented, if he would follow his Directions. I always get, said he, a thin Piece of Lead, out of an *India Chest*, and fit it to my Shoe for this Purpose. Then Sir, says the former, *You are like a Rope-Dancers-Pole, you have Lead at both Ends.*

An Arch Critic observing that most of our modern Play-wrights were *Plagiaries*, and stole from *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Moliere*, and other *French Authors*. One of the Company ask'd him from whence the immortal *Shakespear* had pilfer'd ? *Why truly !* says he, *not having the fear of Heaven before his Eyes, he has sacrilegiously stolen from that sacred Goddess, Nature, in all her Works.*

When *Moliere*, the great Comic-Poet of *France*, died, the Archbishop of *Paris* would not let his Body be buried in consecrated Ground : The King being inform'd of this, sent for the Archbishop, and expostulated with him about it ; but finding him unwilling to comply, ask'd how many Feet deep the Holy Ground reach'd ? The Bishop answer'd, *About eight.* Well, reply'd the King, *I find there is no getting the better of our Scruples ; therefore, let his Grave be dug twelve Feet deep, that's four below your consecrated Ground, and let them bury him there.*

A Friend

A Friend of mine, near Seventy, who was blest'd with a polite Education, and a fine Genius ; but was very wavering and unstable in his Disposition, was reproach'd with it by another Gentleman, who told him he cou'd never hold to any Resolution. *Faith, Sir, said he, you are much mistaken. I have resolv'd not to kiss the Girls so much as I formerly did, and I'm sure I shall hold to that.*

Mr. *Joseph Trefusis*, a Comedian in Ireland, and an Acquaintance of the late Mr *Wilks's*, delighted much in angling. As he was fishing by the *Liffy* Side, some Friends of his were going into a Boat to embark for England. *Jo* called to them to take him in, that he might see them safe on board, where they prevail'd upon him to make a Journey to London with them, with his fishing Cloaths on, no second Shirt, and but seven Shillings in his Pocket. His Companions left him in London, and Mr. *Wilks* chanc'd to find him gazing at the Dial in *Covent-Garden-Square*, when he ask'd how he came there, in that Pickle? *Hum! Ha! Why Faith, Bobby, reply'd Jo, I only came from Dublin, to see what it was o'Clock at Covent-Garden.*

This same Gentleman enter'd Volunteer on board the Ship which the Duke of *York* commanded, in that memorable Engagement with the *Dutch Fleet*, 1673. When Preparations were making for Battle, *Jo* confess'd he was seized with Fear ; but when the Man at the Top-mast-head cry'd, *A Sail*, then *two Sail*, and after, *Zounds a whole Wood!* *Jo's* Terrors augmented ; which a Sailor observing, ask'd whether he had never perform'd on the Stage? *Jo* reply'd, *Yes. Why then,* says the blunt Tarr, *To-morrow, if you are not kill'd the first Broadside, you'll see the deepest and bloodiest Tragedy, you ever saw in your Life.*

Mr. *Wilks*, paying a Visit to Mr. *Farquhar*, Author of the *Stratagem*, when he was extremely ill, told him, that Mrs. *Oldfield* thought, he dealt too freely with the Character of Mrs. *Sullen*, (which She was to play) in giving her to *Archer* without a proper Divorce, which was not a Security for her Honour. *To salve that,* reply'd

ply'd Farquhar, I'll get a real Divorce.—Marry her myself, and give her my Bond, she shall be a real Widow in less than a Fortnight.

A certain Doctor having raised a pretty Fortune by irregular Practice, was desirous of purchasing a Coat of Arms to adorn his Chariot, and accordingly ask'd a Friend's Advice, what he had best have for them, *Oh! Doctor, said he, Nothing will suit you better than three Ducks, and let the Motto, if you please, be Quack, Quack, Quack.*

A Gentleman riding over Salisbury Plain, when it rain'd very hard, set up a Gallop, and pass'd by another whose Horse stood still; a little surpriz'd at this Sight, he ask'd the Reason of it, *Zounds, says the other, who the De'el but a Fool would ride in all this Wet.*

A Gentleman t'other Day going to Court, was ask'd by another at the Palace, Where he was going, and whether he wanted a Post; *No, No, Sir, says the former, If I did I would take you.*

An honest good-natured Host near Basingstoke, who did not care for troublesome Guests, had one Evening a Coach and Six came in pretty late, the Travellers soon began to call about them, to ask what he had for Supper; to examine the Beds, &c. And at Length the 'Squire ask'd how far it was to the next Inn on the Road, *'Tis but a little Way, Sir, not half a Mile, says the Landlord, and if you'll go I shall be oblig'd to you, and my Man shall light you for Nothing.*

A Gentleman t'other Day told my Friend Tom Smart, that he was a Punster; *No, No, says Tom, I have the utmost Aversion to that Character, Why so, says the other? Why, Because you are one, says Tom.*

A certain Country Justice, remarkable for incredible Stories, was telling a Londoner, who happen'd to dine at the Market-town with him, of a Turnep, which grew in one of his Fields, that five Sheep had eat their Way into, and liv'd in it during the Winter.

The

The Citizen, in his Turn, said, he cou'd tell him of as wonderful a Thing as that ; for not long before he left the Town, Business call'd him to *Whitechapel*, where he pass'd by a Brazier's, who was making a Copper, which was so very large, that tho' four and twenty Men were at Work upon it, they cou'd not hear each other hammer the Rivets. What the De'el can that be for, says his Worship ? *Why, to boil your Turneps in, Sir,* says the other.

A Gentleman and two Ladies, being out pretty late in *London*, and not able to get a Hackney Coach, prevail'd with a Gentleman's Coachman to take them home in his Master's Chariot, who, hearing them very merry, wou'd often stop and bid them take care of the Glafs ; at which the Gentleman within said, Don't be so uneasy, Friend, we have rode in a Chariot before now. *That I don't doubt,* says the Fellow, *but I believe 'tis a good while since.*

Some Gentlemen, t'other Day boasting of their Ancestors, an arch Wag standing by, said, he believ'd he was one of the ancientest Family of any of them, and cou'd trace his Pedigree in a lineal Descent from King *Lud*. Ay, says one of them, how do you make that out ? *Why, Sir,* said he, *it was my Misfortune to be put into Ludgate for a Debt of fifty Shillings, and I made my Escape down a Rope.*

A Person, who had render'd himself obnoxious in Trade, was told of some of his Tricks by a Merchant on Change ; and being a little nettled at his Reproaches, said, What, Sir, do you call me Rogue ? No, *I don't call you Rogue,* says the Merchant, *but I'll give you ten Guineas, if you'll find any one here, who will say, you are an honest Man.*

An arch Prisoner, who had an unfavourable Countenance, being brought to the Bar to be try'd for Horse-stealing, the Judge immediately cry'd, Oh here is a noted Villain, I am sure ! Why Sirrah, I can see the Rogue in your Face, Ay, my Lord, says the Fellow, *I wonder at that ; for I did not know my Face was a Looking-glass, till your Lordship saw yourself in it.*

S E L E C T

E P I G R A M S, &c.

On a ruin'd Garden. By Mr. F.

W E E D S from the Ground, instead of Flowers,
 sprout,
 And Snails adorn the Walls where once was
 Fruit :

Happy for us had *Eve's* this Garden been ; (Sin.
 Then she had found no Fruit, and we had known no

*On a Jacobite Lady turn'd Whig, and dress'd in
 Orange-colour'd Knots for a Dance.*

Little Tory, why this Jest
 Of all that Orange in your Breast
 While that Breast, betraying, shows
 The Whiteness of the Rebel Rose



*The Waterman's Epigram, on a certain Noble-
 man's House being repair'd.*

Long on the River have I row'd,
 It may be Years some thirty ;
 While * * Earl his Backside show'd,
 Green, yellow, black and dirty :
 How is my Heart rejoyc'd, I cry'd,
 To see how white it made is,
 It is not now my Lord's Backside,
 This surely is my Lady's.

*On a good Singer's being turn'd out of one of the
 Theatres at the Instigation of one of the Players.*

Says *Kate C*— to the *Devil*, in spite of Resistance,
 I've damn'd one good Singer without your Assistance.

B

Then

Then *Kate*, says *Old Nick*, I'm a Damn in your Debt :
So they parted good Friends, as they always had met.

The fortunate Sailor.

Honest *Sim* and his Wife once to Sea took a Trip,
When a sudden cross Wind overset the light Ship ;
Hand in Hand over Deck went this Couple together,
Susan sunk like a Stone, *Simon* swam like a Feather.
Thank my Stars, says the Man (safe escap'd from the
Flood),
'Tis a bad Wind, indeed, that blows no-body Good.

Women the best Politicians.

One Night plump *Sue* and Coachman *Ned*,
A Bargain struck in haste to wed ;
A Crown was stak'd, the Pair consented
To lose their Pledge who first repented :
Time for the Matrimonial Farce,
To-morrow comes—*Ned* hangs an Arse.
Of bad the best poor *Suky* makes,
And angry claims his forfeit Stakes :
Ned frankly paid it, as agreed,
Of a worse Bargain to be freed ;
Quoth he, Thou'rt welcome on my Life,
A cheap Divorcement from a Wife.
—The crafty Quean, who feign'd awhile,
Soon answer'd with a jeering Smile,
' Ah Fool, 'tis well you first relented,
' I'd lost—had you but seem'd contented ;
' Gladly your Freedom I'll restore,
' One Shilling spend, and pocket four.'
Ladies, lay *Ovid's* Rules apart,
In Love learn thriftier *Susan's* Art.

Giles Jolt and his Cart.

Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his Cart he lay,
Some pilf'ring Villains stole his Team away :
Giles wakes and cries—What's here, a dickin, what !
Why how now—Am I *Giles*, or am I not ?
If he—I've lost six Geldings to my Smart :
If not—Oddsbuddikins, I've found a Cart.

Joan

By Mr. * * * *.

Joan vows, to hearten tim'rous Youth,
She ne'er saw Ghost, or thing uncivil,
Worse than herself; —tho' once, in Truth,
Joan does believe she saw the Devil.

By Dr. S——t.

Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a while,
When *Pope* vouchsaf'd a Ray,
Alas! depriv'd of his kind Smile,
How soon ye fade away!
To compass *Phæbus'* Car about,
Thus empty Vapours rise;
Each lends his Cloud, to put him out
That rear'd him to the Skies.
Alas! those Skies are not your Sphere;
There he shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
And must to Earth return.

By the Same.

The Raven, Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
(Tho' neither Birds of moral Kind)
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with Straw,
To shew us which way blows the Wind.
Thus dirty Knaves, or chatt'ring Fools,
Strung up by Dozens in thy Lay,
Teach more by half than *Dennis'* Rules,
And point Instruction ev'ry Way.
With *Egypt's* Art thy Pen may strive,
One potent Drop let this but shed,
And ev'ry Rogue that stunk alive
Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

By the Same.

While Malice, *Pope*, denies thy Page
Its own celestial Fire,
While Criticks, and while Bards in Rage,
Admiring, won't admire;

While wayward Pens thy Worth assail,
 And envious Tongues decry,
 These Times tho' many a Friend bewail,
 These Times bewail not I.

But when the World's loud Praise is thine,
 And Spleen no more shall blame,
 When with thy *Homer* thou shalt shine
 In one establish'd fame.

When none shall rail, and ev'ry Lay
 Devote a Wreath to thee ;
 That Day (for come it will) that Day
 Shall I lament to see.

By the Same.

Dear *Welfled*, mark in dirty Hole,
 That painful Animal, a Mole :
 Above-ground never born to go,
 What mighty Stir it keeps below ?
 To make a Mole-hill all this Strife !
 It digs, pokes, undermines for Life.
 How proud a little Dirt to spread !
 Conscious of nothing o'er its Head.
 'Till, lab'ring on for want of Eyes,
 It blunders into Light—and dies.

Another by the Same.

You ask why *Roome* diverts you with his Jokes,
 Yet if he writes, is dull as other Folks ?
 You wonder at it——This, Sir, is the Case,
 The Jest is lost, unless he prints his Face.

Another by the Same.

Burnet and *Ducket*, Friends in Spite,
 Came hissing forth in Verse ;
 Both were so forward, each would write,
 So dull, each hung an A——.
 Thus *Amphisbæna* (I have read)
 At either End assails ;
 None knows which leads, or which is led,
 For both Heads are but Tails.

On a bad Author.

Half of your Book is to an *Index* grown,
 You give your Book *Contents*, your Readers none.

On the Marriage of an old Maid.

Celia, a Coquet in her Prime,
 The vainest, ficklest Thing alive;
 Behold the strange Effects of Time!
 Marries, and doats at Forty-five.
 Thus Weather-cocks, who, for a while,
 Have turn'd about with every Blast;
 Grown old, and destitute of Oil,
 Rust to a Point, and fix at last.

The best Cure for Love.

Of two Reliefs, to cure a Love-sick Mind,
Flavia prescribes Despair; I urge be kind:
Flavia be kind: The Remedy's as sure,
 'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest Cure.

On a Flower painted by Varelst.

By Mr. Prior.

When fam'd *Varelst* this little Wonder drew,
Flora vouchsafed the growing Work to view;
 Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
 The Goddess snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand,
 And finishing the Piece, she smiling said,
Behold one Work of mine which ne'er shall fade.

On a Lady, who was very handsome and very fond.

Chloe, the Wonder of her Sex,
 'Tis well her Heart is tender;
 How might such killing Eyes perplex,
 With Virtue to defend her.
 But Nature graciously inclin'd,
 Not bent to vex but please us,
 Has to her boundless Beauty join'd
 A boundless Will to ease us.

On an old Woman who wore false Hair.

The Golden Hair that *Galla* wears,
 Is hers, who would have thought it ?
 She swears 'tis her's—and true she swears ;
 For I know where she bought it.

On a Lady wearing artificial Teeth.

Thais her Teeth are black and nought,
Lucania's white are grown ;
 But what's the Reason, these are bought,
 The other wears her own.

On a Welshman bilking his Host.

A *Welchman* coming late into an Inn,
 Asked the Maid, what Meat there was within,
 Cow-heels she answered, and a Breast of Mutton ;
 But quoth the *Welchman*, since I am no Glutton,
 Either of these shall serve : To Night the Breast,
 The Heels i'th' Morning ; then light Meat is best ;
 At Night, he took the Breast, and did not pay,
 I'th' Morning, took his *Heels* and ran away,

*On a Painter drawing a Lady's Picture. By
Mr. Dennis.*

He * who great *Jove*'s Artillery ap'd so well,
 By real Thunder and true Lightning fell ;
 How then durst thou, with equal Danger try,
 To counterfeit the Lightning of her Eye !
 Painter desist ! or soon th' Event will prove,
 That Love's as jealous, of his Arms, as *Jove*.

On seeing a beautiful Lady working with her Needle.

Oh what Bosom but must yield,
 When like *Pallas* you advance,
 With a Thimble for your Shield,
 And a Needle for your Lance ;

* *Salmoneus*.

Fairest of the blooming Train !
 Ease my Passion by your Art,
 And in Pity to my Pain,
 Mend the Hole that's in my Heart.

To Mr. Pope, on his Translation of Homer.

So much, dear *Pope*, thy *English Iliad* charms,
 Where Pity melts us, or where Passion warms,
 That After-ages shall with Wonder seek,
 Who 'twas translated *Homer* into *Greek*.

The Dart. To the Lady L—— M——.

Whene'er I look, I may descry
 A little Face peep through that Eye,
 Sure that's the Boy, who wisely chose
 His Throne among such Beams as those ;
 Which if his Quiver chance to fall,
 May serve for Darts to kill withall.

*Minerva's Mistake. To the beautiful and ingenious Miss *****.*

Minerva one Day, pray let no Body doubt it,
 Rid an airing from *Oxford* six Miles, or about it,
 Where she spy'd a young Damsel, so blooming and fair,
 That, Ah *Venus* ! She cry'd, is your Ladyship there ?
 Pray is not yon *Oxford* ? And lately you swear,
 Neither you, nor aught like you, shou'd ever come
 there ;

Do you thus keep your Promise ! And am I defy'd ?
 The Virgin drew near her, and smiling reply'd,
 My Goddess ! what have you your Pupil forgot ?
 Your Pardon my Dear—is it you, *Molly Scot* ?

On the Duke of Argyle. By Mr. Gay.

Argyle they say has Wit, for what ?
 For Writing ?—No ; for writing not.

On an ugly old Woman in the dark. From Martial.

Whilst in the Dark on thy soft Hand I hung,
 And heard the tempting *Syren* in thy Tongue ;

What Flames, what Darts, what Anguish I endur'd!
But when the Candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

*On seeing a disagreeable Woman with Patches on
her Face.*

Your homely Face, *Flippanta*, you disguise,
With Patches numerous as *Argus'* Eyes,
I own that Patching's requisite for you,
For more we're pleas'd if less your Face we view;
Yet I advise, if my Advice you'd ask,
Wear but one Patch, and be that Patch a Mask.

On Suicide. From Martial.

When all the Blandishments of Life are gone,
The *Coward* creeps to Death, the *Brave* lives on.

On a bad Poet.

Thy Verses are eternal, O my Friend!
For he who reads them, reads them to no End.

*Pinn'd to a Sheet, in which a Woman stood to do
Penance in the Church.*

Here stand I, for Whores as great
To cast a scornful Eye on;
Should each Whore here be doom'd a Sheet,
You'd soon want one to lie on.

*Written under the KING'S-HEAD and BELL, in
Dublin, at the Request of the Host. By Dr. Swift.*

May the King live long,
Dong, ding, ding, dong.

Advice to Dr. Trapp on his translating Virgil.

Mind but thy Preaching *Trapp*, translate no further,
Is it not written, *Thou shalt do no Murther?*

*A Receipt to make an EPIGRAM, by the Rt. Ho-
nourable the late Lord Hervey.*

A pleasing Subject first with Care provide,
Your Matter must with Nature be supply'd,

Nervous

Nervous your Diction, be your Measure long,
 Nor fear your Verse be stiff, if Sense be strong:
 In proper Places, proper Numbers use,
 And now the quicker, now the slower chuse,
 Too soon the *Dactyl* the Performance ends;
 But the slow *Spondee* coming Thoughts suspends.
 Your last Attention on the Sting bestow,
 To that your good, or ill Success you'll owe;
 For there not Wit alone must shine, but Humour flow:
 Observing these, your Epigram's compleated;
 Nor fear 'twill tire, tho' seven times repeated.

*On seeing PROMETHEUS ill painted. By Mr.
 COWLEY.*

How wretched does *Prometheus*' State appear,
 Whilst he his second Mis'ry suffers here.
 Draw him no more, lest as he tortur'd stands,
 He blame great *Jove*'s less than the Painter's Hands.
 It would the Vulture's Cruelty outgo,
 If once again his Liver thus should grow.
 Pity him *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow;
 The Flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

By Dr. Swift.

As *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
 He took to his Heels and ran for his Life.
Tom's three dearest Friends came by in the Squabble,
 And screen'd him at once from the Shrew and the
 Rabble;
 Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome Advice;
 But *Tom* is a Fellow of Humour so nice,
 Too proud to take Counsel, too wise to take Warning,
 He sent to all three a Challenge next Morning.
 He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his Life,
 Then went home again, and was thresh'd by his Wife.

Venus mistaken. By Mr. Prior.

When *Chloe*'s Picture was to *Venus* shown,
 Surpriz'd the Goddess took it for her own,
 And what, said she, does this bold Painter mean?
 When was I bathing thus? And naked seen?
 Pleas'd

Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride;
 And who's blind now, *Mamma*, the Urchin cry'd?
 'Tis *Chloe's* Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast;
 Friend *Howard's* Genius fancied all the rest.

The disappointed Husband.

A scolding Wife so long a Sleep possess'd,
 Her Spouse presum'd her Soul was now at Rest.
Sable was call'd, to hang the Room with black,
 And all their Cheer was Sugar-rolls, and Sack:
 Two mourning Staffs stood Centry at the Door,
 And *Silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
 The Cloaks and Tears and Handkerchiefs prepar'd,
 They march'd in woeful Pomp to *Abchurch Yard*.
 When, see of narrow Streets what Mischiefs come!
 The very Dead can't pass in quiet Home.
 By some rude Jolt the Coffin Lid was broke,
 And *Madam* from her Dream of Death awoke.
 Now all was spoil'd! The Undertaker's Pay,
 Sour Faces, Cakes, and Wine quite thrown away.
 But some Years after, when the former Scene,
 Was acted, and the Coffin nail'd again,
 The tender Husband took especial Care
 To keep the Passage from Disturbance clear;
 Charging the Bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his Dear in such another Fright.

On Crassus, a covetous Parson. By Mr. Amburst.

Unform'd in Nature's Shop while *Crassus* lay,
 A cumbrous Heap of coarse neglected Clay;
 Pray, Madam, says the Foreman, of the Trade,
 What of yon paultry Rubbish must be made?
 For 'tis too gross, said he, and unrefin'd
 To be the Carcase of a thinking Mind.
 Then 'tis too lumpish, and too stiff to make
 A Fop, a Beau, a Witling, or a Rake.
 Nor is it for a Lady's Footman fit,
 For Ladies Footmen must have Sense and Wit:
 A Warrior must be vigilant and bold;
 And therefore claims a brisk and active Mould.

A Statesman must be skill'd in various Arts,
 A Mistress must have Charms, a Pimp have Parts,
 A Lawyer without Craft will get no Fees :
 This Matter therefore will make none of these.
 In short I plainly think it good for nought ;
 But Madam I desire your better Thought.
 Why *Tom*, said she, in a disdainful Tone,
 Amongst the Sweepings, let it then be thrown ;
 Or make a Parson of the useless Stuff,
 'Twill serve a preaching Blockhead well enough.

*On a beautiful Woman with a fine Voice, who was
 very covetous and proud.*

So bright is thy Beauty, so charming thy Song,
 As had drawn both the Beasts and their *Orpheus* along ;
 But such is thy Avarice, and such is thy Pride,
 That the Beasts must have starv'd, and the Poet have dy'd.

On Miss Floyd. By Dr. Swift.

When *Cupid* did his Grandfire *Jove* intreat,
 To form some Beauty by a new Receipt ;
Jove sent, and found far in a Country Scene,
 Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, Looks serene :
 From which Ingredients, first the dext'rous Boy,
 Pick'd the Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy ;
 The *Graces* from the Court did next provide,
 Breeding and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride.
 These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious Grain,
 Of nice Coquet, affected, pert and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best Clay employ'd,
 Then call'd the happy Composition *Floyd*.

Written on a Fan. By Dr. Atterbury.

Flavia, the least and slightest Toy,
 Can with resistless Art employ ;
 This Fan, in meaner Hands, would prove
 An Engine of small Force in Love ;
 Yet she, with graceful Air and Mein,
 Not to be told, or fairly seen,
 Directs its wanton Motion so,
 That it wounds more than *Cupid's* Bow ;

Gives

Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
To every other Breast a Flame.

*To a Company of bad Dancers to good Music. By
Mr. Budgell.*

How ill the Motion with the Music suits!
So *Orpheus* fiddled, and so danc'd the Brutes.

On Susannah and the two Elders. By Mr. Cobb.

When fair *Susannah* in a cool Retreat,
Of shady Arbours shunn'd the sultry Heat,
Two wanton Letchers to her Garden came,
And rushing furious seiz'd the trembling Dame;
What female Strength could do, her Arms perform,
And guarded well the Fort they strove to storm;
The Story's antient, and (if rightly told,)
Young was the Lady, but the Lovers old,
Had the Reverse been true, had Authors sung
How that the Dame was old, the Lovers young;
If she had then the blooming Pair deny'd,
With tempting Youth, and Vigour on their side;
Oh! how the Story would have shock'd my Creed?
For that had been a Miracle indeed.

On the late Lord H——y. By the Earl of C——d.

Nature whilst *H——y's* Clay was blending,
Uncertain what the Thing would end in;
Whether a Female, or a Male,
A Pin dropt in, and turn'd the Scale.

*On Mr. T——d's complimenting Mr. F——de, on
his Poetry.*

F——de writes well you say; suppose it true,
You pawn your Word for him, he'll vouch for you:
So two poor Knaves when once their Credit fail,
To cheat the World, become each others Bail.

Lingua potentior Armis.

That Speech surpasses Force is no new Whim,
Jove caus'd the Heavens to tremble, *Juno* him.

While

While Bunters attending at the Archbishop's Door,
Accosted each other with *Cheat, Bitch, and Whore*,
I noted the Drabs, and considering the Place,
Concluded 'twas plain, that they wanted his Grace.

*In a Window of a Room in the Tower of London
is wrote, R. WALPOLE, 1712. Underneath
that are the following Lines.*

Good unexpected, Evil unforeseen,
Appear by Turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene,
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

By Mr. Prior.

From her own Native France as old *Alison* past,
She reproach'd *English-Nell* with Neglect or with
Malice,
That the Slattern had left in the Hurry and Haste,
Her Lady's Complexion and Eye-Brows at *Calais*.

*Dean SWIFT being sent for by the Lord CARTE-
RET, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and
waiting alone for some Time in the Council Cham-
ber, wrote with a Diamond on the Window.*

My very good Lord, 'tis a very hard Task,
For a Man to wait here, who has nothing to ask.

*My Lord coming soon after into the Room, wrote
under it thus:*

My very good Dean, there's few who come here,
But have something to ask, or something to fear.

On Chloe.

Here *Chloe* lies,
Whose own bright Eyes
Set all the World on Fire!
And not to be
Ungrateful, she
Did all the World admire.

An Epitaph on little Stephen, a noted Fiddler in Suffolk.

Stephen and Time
Are now both even;
Stephen beat Time,
Now *Time* beats *Stephen*.

On the Burser of a College in Oxford, cutting down the Trees near to the said College for his own Use.

Indulgent Nature to each Creature shows,
A secret Instinct to discern its Foes;
The Goose, a silly Bird, avoids the Fox;
Lambs fly from Wolves, and Sailors steer from Rocks;
The Thief the Gallows, as his Fate foresees,
And bears the like Antipathy to Trees.

To a bad Fiddler.

Old *Orpheus* play'd so well, he mov'd old *Nick*,
But thou mov'st nothing but thy Fiddlestick.

Written on Glass with the Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil. By Mr. Pope.

Accept a Miracle instead of Wit;
See two dull Lines with *Stanhope's* Pencil writ.

By Mr. Cooke. From Martial.

Paul, so fond of the Name of a Poet is grown,
With Gold he buys Verses, and calls them his own;
Go on, Mr. *Paul*, nor mind what the World says,
They are surely his own for which a Man pays.

A Marriage Certificate. By Dr. Swift.

Under this Hedge in stormy Weather,
I join'd this Whore * and Rogue together;
And none but he who made the Thunder,
Can put this Whore and Rogue asunder.

She as big with Child when the Ceremony was performed.

*Inscription for a Fountain adorned with Queens
ANNE's and the Duke of MARLBOROUGH's
Statues; and the chief Rivers of the World round
the Work. by Mr. PRIOR.*

Ye active Streams where e'er your Waters flow,
Let distant Climes, and farthest Nations know,
What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught,
How ANNE commanded, and how MARLBORO' fought.

By the Earl of DORSET.

Tell me *Dorinda*, why so gay,
With such Embroid'ry, Fringe, and Lace?
Can any Dresses find a Way,
To stop th' Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the Box,
And ogle in the Ring?
Canst thou forget thy Age and Pox,
Can all that shine on Shelves, or Rocks,
Make thee a fine young Thing?

So have I seen in Larder dark,
Of Veil a lucid Loin,
Replete with many a brilliant Spark
(As wise Philosophers remark)
At once both stink and shine.

On an empty Coxcomb.

You beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come,
Knock as you please, there's nobody at Home.

The Advantage of having two Physicians.

One prompt Physician like a Sculler plies,
And all his Art, and all his Skill applies;
But two Physicians like a Pair of Oars,
Convey you soonest to the *Stygian* Shores.

Liars compar'd.

Such a *Liar* is *Tom*, there's no one can lie faster,
Excepting his Maid, and she'll lie with her Master.

On a Grave-stone in Cirencester Church-yard.

Death takes the Good, to good on Earth to stay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

Ancient *Phyllis* has young Graces;

'Tis a strange Thing, but a true one;

Shall I tell you how?

She herself makes her own Faces,

And each Morning wears a new one;

Where's the Wonder now?

Venus mistaken.

When *Chloe's* Picture was to *Venus* shown;

Surpriz'd, the Goddess took it for her own:

And what, says she, does this bold Painter mean?

When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?

Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride;

And who's blind now Mamma? The Urchin cry'd.

'Tis *Chloe's* Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast;

But *Howard's* Genius fancied all the rest.

Seven Times a Day the just Men sin;

So speaks the Sage our Hearts to soften:

Well, the just Women, they fall in!

Ah! but no Sage can tell how often.

*To Sir Godfrey Kneller, drawing the Lady Hide's
Picture.*

The *Cyprian* Queen drawn by *Apelles' Hand*,

Of perfect Beauty did the Pattern stand;

But then bright Nymphs from every Part of *Greece*,

Did all contribute to adorn the Piece;

From each a several Charm the Painter took,

For no one Mortal so divine could look:

But happier *Kneller*, Fate presents to you,

In one, that finished Beauty which he drew.

But oh! take Heed, for vast is the Design,

And Madness 'twere for any Hand but thine.

For mocking Thunder bold *Salmonus* dies;

And 'tis as rash to imitate her Eyes.

Says

Says *Richard* to *Joe*, thou'rt a very sad Dog,
And thou can'ft write Verses no more than a Log.
Says *Joseph* to *Dick*, prithee, Ring Rhyme, get hence;
Sure my Verse at least is as good as thy Sense.
Was e'er such a Contrast recorded in Song?
The one's in the right; and the other's not wrong.

M***** tho' he must abstain from Meat,
Yet won't abstain from Spite;
The Rogue has nothing left to eat,
Yet can't forbear to bite.

Epitaph on a Country Sexton.

Here lies old *Sare*, worn out with Care,
Who whilome toll'd the Bell;
Cou'd dig a Grave, or set a Stave,
And say *Amen* full well.

For sacred Song, he'd *Hopkins'* Tongue,
And *Sternhold's* eke also;
With Cough and Hem, he stood by them,
As far's his Word wou'd go.

The Worms have lost their good old Host,
Who them full often fed;
For he is gone, with Skin and Bone,
To starve 'em now he's dead.

Here take his Spade, and use his Trade,
Since he is out of Breath;
Cover the Bones of him who once
Wrought Journey-work with Death.

A Character.

Sometimes to Sense, sometimes to Nonsense leaning;
And always blund'ring round about his Meaning.

To the Dutchess of Beaufort.

Offspring of a tuneful Sire,
Blest with more than mortal Fire;
Likeness of a Mother's Face,
Blest with more than mortal Grace.

You with double Charms surprize,
With his Wit, and with her Eyes.

Selinda sure's the brightest Thing,
That decks our Earth, or breathes our Air,
Mild are her Looks like op'ning Spring,
'And like the blooming Summer fair.

But yet her Wit's so very small,
That all her Charms appear to lie,
Like glaring Colours on a Wall,
And strike no farther than the Eye.

Our Eyes luxuriously she treats,
Our Ears are absent from the Feast,
One Sense is surfeited with Sweets,
Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with Aspect bright,
And tawdry Pride a Tulip swell,
Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,
Dull and insipid to the Smell.

To *John* I ow'd great Obligation,
But *John* unhappily thought fit,
To publish it to all the Nation;
Sure *John* and I are more than quit.

On a Gentleman who died the Day after his Lady.

The first departed, he for one Day try'd
To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Of all the Pens which my poor Rhymes molest,
Colin's is sharpest, and succeeds the best.
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright,
With hearty Rancour and true Christian Spight;
But he a readier Method does design;
Writes scoundrel Verses, and then says they're mine.

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know,
And feel with Torment that 'tis so.

Upon

Upon a Picture of the Lady Hide.

When fam'd *Apelles* sought to frame,
 Some Image of th' *Italian* Dame,
 To furnish Graces for the Piece,
 He summon'd all the Nymphs of *Greece*;
 So many Mortals were combin'd,
 To show how one Immortal shin'd.
 Had'st thou thus sat by Proxy too,
 As *Venus* then was said to do,
Venus herself, and all her Train
 Of Goddesses had summon'd been;
 The Painter must have search'd the Skies,
 To match the Lustre of your Eyes.
 Comparing then, while thus we view
 The ancient *Venus* and the new;
 In her we many Mortals see,
 As many Goddesses in thee.

Bright as the Day, and as the Morning fair,
 Such *Chloe* is,——but common as the Air.

On some Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast.

Those envious Flakes came down in Haste,
 To prove her Breast so fair;
 Grieving to find themselves surpast,
 Dissolv'd into a Fear.

Chloe, new-married, looks at Men no more;
 Why then, 'tis plain, for what she look'd before.

When *Thomas* calls his Wife his Half,
 I like the Fellow's Whim;
 For why? She horns him, so the Jilt
 Belongs but half to him.

On his Death-bed poor *Lubin* lies,
 His Spouse is in Despair;
 With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
 They both express their Care.

A different Cause, says Parson *fly*,
The same Effect may give;
Poor *Lubin* fears that he shall die,
His Wife, that he may live.

Upon a Patch on a Lady's Face.

That artful Speck upon your Face,
Had been a Foil on one less fair;
In her it hides a wounding Grace,
And she, in Mercy plac'd it there,

When *Lovese* married Lady *Jenny*,
Whose Beauty was the ready Penny;
I chose her, says he, like old Plate,
Not for the Fashion, but the Weight.

Blest be the Princes, who have fought
For pompous Names, or wide Dominion;
Since by their Error, we are taught,
That Happiness is but Opinion.

George came to the Crown without striking a Blow,
Ah! quoth the Pretender, wou'd I could do so.

Upon a Cravat, flourish'd by Mrs.——

When *Mira* casts around her conquering Eyes,
A thousand Victims fall a Sacrifice;
No Bounds her Charms acknowledge, but her Will;
And wheresoe'r she darts, a Look, can kill;
Why should she then new Artifices find,
To extend her Power, and vanquish Humane kind?
Cannot the pointed Rays shot from her Eyes,
Her graceful Person, and her Mien suffice;
But she must triumph in acquired Art,
And turn her very Needle to a Dart?

On Milton.

Three Poets in three distant Ages born,
Greece, *Italy*, and *England* did adorn;
The first in Loftiness of Thought surpass,
The next in Majesty, in both the last.

The Force of Nature cou'd no farther go,
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

Written in the blank Leaf of an Ovid.

Ovid is the surest Guide
You can find to shew the Way,
To a Woman, Maid, or Bride,
Who intends to go astray.

To a Lady who commended another's Eyes.

In vain by Parallels you strive,
Panthea's Eyes to praise;
Perfection, which we can't conceive,
Itself alone displays.
Gaze on them only, if you'd know,
What dazzling Rays they dart;
But, if what piercing Shafts they throw,
Then view my wounded Heart.

Love is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
Destroyed by Knowledge, and at best,
Lost in the Moment 'tis possest.

Leave off thy Paint, Perfumes, and youthful Dress,
And Nature's Failing honestly confess;
Double we see those Faults, which Art wou'd mend,
Plain downright Ugliness would less offend.

Written over a Gate.

Here lives a Man, who by Relation,
Depends upon Predestination;
For which the learned and the wise,
His Understanding much despise;
But I pronounce with loyal Tongue,
Him in the Right, them in the Wrong;
For how could such a Wretch succeed,
But that, alas! it was decreed?

Phyllis's Age.

How old may *Phyllis* be, you ask,
 Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
 To answer is no easy Task;
 For she has really two Ages.

Stiff in Brocade, and pinch'd in Stays,
 Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on;
 All Day let Envy view her Face,
 And *Phyllis* is but twenty one.

Paint, Patches, Jewels, laid aside,
 At Night Astronomers agree,
 The Evening has the Day bely'd,
 And *Phyllis* is some forty three.

A licentious Person.

Thy Sins and Hairs may no Man equal call;
 For as thy Sins increase, thy Hairs do fall.

From Martial. Lib. I. Ep. 20.

When Gammer *Gurton* first I knew,
 Four Teeth in all she reckon'd,
 Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out two,
 And t'other two a second.

Courage, old Dame, and do not fear
 The third, whene'er it comes;
 Give me but t'other Jug of Beer,
 And I'll ensure your Gums.

Rich *Gripe* does all his Thoughts and Cunn'g bend,
 T' increase that Wealth he wants a Soul to spend;
 Poor *Shifter* does his whole Contrivance set,
 To spend that Wealth he wants the Sense to get.
 How happy wou'd to each appear his Fate,
 Had *Gripe* his Humour, or he *Gripe's* Estate?
 Kind Fate and Fortune blend 'em, if you can,
 And, of two Wretches, make one happy Man.

Thou

Thou speakest always ill of me,
 I always speak well of thee;
 But spite of all our Noise and Pother,
 The World believes not one, nor t'other.

Pious *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs,
 If I but ask the Favour;
 And yet, the tender Fool's in Tears,
 When she believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this Restraint,
 Or else had Hopes to win her;
 Wou'd she cou'd make of me a Saint,
 Or I of her a Sinner.

The true Reason.

Selinda ne'er appears till Night;
 And what won't female Envy say?
 But well she knows, she shines so bright,
 Her Presence may supply the Day.

Wou'd thou hadst Beauty less, or Virtue more;
 For nothing's uglier than a pretty Whore.

The Antiquary.

If in his Study he hath so much Care
 To hang all old strange Things, let's Wife beware.

Did *Cassia*'s Person and her Mind agree,
 What Mortal cou'd behold her and be free?
 But Nature has, in Pity to Mankind,
 Enrich'd the Image, and defac'd the Mind.

On the Death of Mary, Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this fable Hearse,
 Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sidney's Sister, *Pembroke's* Mother.
 Death! ere thou hast kill'd another,

Fair,

Fair, and learned, good as she,
Time shall throw his Dart at thee.

Epitaph on a Man and his Wife.

Stay, Batchelor, if you have Wit,
A Wonder to behold,
Husband and Wife, in one dark Pit,
Lie still, and never scold.

Tread softly tho', for fear she wakes—
Hark! she begins already;
You've hurt my Head;—my Shoulder akes;—
These Sots can ne'er move steady.

Ah Friend! with happy Freedom blest,
See how my Hopes miscarried;
Not Death itself can give you rest,
Unless you die unmarried.

On Dr. Cade, dying by his own Recipe.

Cade, who had slain ten thousand Men
With that small Instrument a Pen,
Being sick, unluckily he try'd
The Point upon himself, and dy'd.

A Lover's Anger.

As *Chloe* came into the Room t'other Day,
I, peevish, began; Where so long could you stay?
In your Life-time you never regarded your Hour?
You promis'd at Two, and pray look, Child, 'tis Four;
A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures, nor Wheels;
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals:
A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear——
Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.
Lord bless me! cry'd she, let a Body but speak!
Here's an ugly hard Rose-bud fell into my Neck:
It has hurt me, and vex'd me to such a Degree;
But I know you wou'd never believe one; pray see
On the Left Side my Breast what a Mark it has made.
So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd;

That

That Seat of Delight I with Wonder survey'd,
And forgot e'ery Word I design'd to have said.

On Mr. Hearne, the great Antiquary.

Pox on't, says Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget, you learn.

A Lady wrote upon a Window some Verses, intimating her Design of never marrying; under which a Gentleman wrote the following Lines.

The Lady who this Resolution took,
Wrote it on Glas, because it should be broke;

To an angry Rival.

'Tis not the Fear of Death, or Smart,
Makes me averse to fight;
But to preserve a tender Heart,
Not mine, but *Celia's* Right.

Then let your Fury be suppress'd,
Not me, but *Celia* spare;
Your Sword is welcome to my Breast,
When *Celia* is not there.

The Musical Contest.

Some say, that Signior *Bononcini*,
Compar'd to *Handel's* a meer Ninny;
Others aver, that to him *Handel*
Is scarcely fit to hold the Candle.
Strange, that such high Disputes shou'd be,
'Twixt *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*.

*Written in the Window of the Deanery-House of
St. Patrick in Dublin. By Dr. Delany.*

Are the Guests of this House still doom'd to be cheated?
Sure the Fates have decreed, they by Halves shou'd be
treated!

In the Days of old *John* *, if you came here to dine,
You had Choice of good Meat, but no Choice of good
Wine ;

In *Jonathan's* † Reign, if you come here to eat,
You have Choice of good Wine, but no Choice of good
Meat.

Oh *Jove* ! then how fully might all Sides be blest,
Wou'dst thou but agree to this humble Request ;
Put both Deans in one ; or, if that's too much Trouble,
Instead of the Dean, make the Deanery double.

On a Feather in a Lady's Hair.

If C—ru but wear it, a Feather's a Charm,
Ah ! who can be safe, when a Feather can harm ?
Since first I beheld, what a Life have I led !
All Joy and Content with that Feather are fled.
Fly, Youth, from this Beauty, whoever thou art ;
And warn'd by the Feather, beware of the Dart.

To a Casuist.

If, as they tell us, Man and Wife,
Are married only but for Life,
Say then, ye learned Casuists, whether
They after Death should lie together ?

From Martial, Lib. iv. Ep. 48.

Varus invited me to sup of late ;
The Food was scanty, but the *Weal* h was great !
Vast empty Plates, and Cups of Gold were serv'd ;
My Eyes were feasted, but my Guts were starv'd.
Varus ! I did not come to gaze, but eat ;
So take away your Plates, or bring some Meat.

The Monument.

A Monster in a Course of Vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping Heir his ill-gain'd Gold ;

* The late Dean.

† Dr. *Swift*, the then Dean.

Strait breathes his Bust, strait are his Virtues shown,
 Their Date commencing with the sculptur'd Stone.
 If on his specious Marble we rely,
 Pity a Worth like his shou'd ever die !
 If Credit to his real Life we give,
 Pity a Wretch like him shou'd ever live !

From Martial, Lib. viii. Ep. 19.

Cinna cries out, I am not worth a Groat ;
 And is, Plague on him, what he wou'd be thought.

On setting up Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster-Abbey.

Whilst *Butler*, needy Wretch ! was still alive,
 No gen'rous Patron wou'd a Dinner give ;
 See him, when starved to Death, and turn'd to Dust,
 Presented with a monumental Bust !
 The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem shown ;
 He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

The Critical Moment. By Mr. Prior.

How capricious was Nature and Art to poor *Nell* !
 She was painting her Cheeks, at the Time her Nose fell.

On the Duke of Buckingham's Disgrace at Court,
 1685.

When great Men fall, great Grievs arise,
 In one, two, three, four Families ;
 When this Man fell, there rose great Sorrow
 In *Rome*, *Geneva*, *Sodom*, and *Gomorrhah*.

*To Miss * * * **

We Men have many Faults ;
 Poor Women have but two :—
 There's nothing good they say ;
 There's nothing good they do.

In Chaucer's Style.

Fair *Susan* did her Wife-hede well menteine,
 Algaates assaulted fore by Letchours tweine.
 Now, and I read aright that auntient Song,
 Old were the Paramours, the Dame full young.

Had thilke same tale in other Guise been tolde,
 Had been young, pardie, and they been olde;
 That, by St. *Kit*, had wrought much forer Tryal;
 Full marvellous, I wote, were swilk Denyal.

*Advice to Miss * * *.*

If Youth and Beauty fade, my Dear,
 Impart them wisely while you may;
 If still they last, why shou'd you fear
 To give, what none can take away?

The Eye-Brow.

Her Eye-brow Box one Morning lost,
 The best of folks are oft'nest crost,
 Sad *Hellen*! thus to *Fenny* said,
 Her careless, but afflicted Maid:
 Put me to Bed then, wretched *Jane*!
 Alas! when shall I rise again?
 I can behold no Mortal now;
 For what's an Eye without a Brow?

On the same.

Hellen was just slip'd into Bed,
 Her Eye-brows on the Toilet lay;
 Away the Kitten with them fled,
 As Fees belonging to her Prey.
 For this Misfortune careless *Jane*,
 Assure yourself, was loudly rated;
 And Madam getting up again,
 With her own Hand the Mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as Sages write,
Depends our human Joy, or Sorrow ;
If we don't catch a Mouse To-night,
Alas ! no Eye-brows for To-morrow.

On the Lady Essex, who was a Dutchwoman.

The bravest Hero, and the brightest Dame,
From *Belgia's* happy Clime, *Britannia* drew ;
One pregnant Cloud, we find, does often frame
The awful Thunder, and the gentle Dew.

Advice to a Poet.

Before *Apollo's* Shrine I pray'd,
That I by Verse to Fame might rise ;
Read the best Poet, *Phæbus* said,
And place his Works before your Eyes:

Best Poet ! oh ! great *Phæbus*, how,
How may this Pattern Wit be found ?
What Age produc'd the Man, whom thou,
With this high Character hast crown'd.

Does he among the Dead reside,
Or dwell with those who now survive ;
Thus *Y*—— when *Phæbus* quick reply'd ;
Go, ask if *Prior's* still alive.

On the Dutcheſs of St. Albans.

The Line of *Vere*, so long renown'd in Arms,
Concludes with Lustre in *St. Alban's* Charms ;
Her conqu'ring Eyes have made their Race complete ;
They rose in Valour, and in Beauty set.

On a hasty Marriage.

Married ! 'tis well ! a mighty Blessing !
But poor's the Joy, no Coin possessing ?
In ancient Time, when Folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at Board and Bed,
But hard's his Case, who can't afford,
His Charmer either Bed or Board.

A Dream.

I dream'd, that, buried in my fellow Clay,
Close by a common Beggar's Side I lay,
And, as so mean a Neighbour shock'd my Pride,
Thus, like a Corpse of Consequence, I cry'd :
Scoundrel, begone ; and henceforth touch me not ;
More Manners learn, and, at a Distance rot.
How ! Scoundrel ! in a haughtier Tone, said he ;
Proud Lump of Dirt ! I scorn thy Words, and thee ;
Here all are equal ; now thy Case is mine ;
This is my Rotting-place, and that is thine.

The Emperor Adrian's Verses to his Soul, imitated.

Poor, little, pretty, flutt'ring Thing !
Must we no longer live together ?
And dost thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight, the Lord knows whither ?
Thy hum'rous Vein, thy pleasing Folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot ;
And pensive, wav'ring Melancholy,
Thou dread'st, and hop'st, thou know'st not what.

*Address'd to the Lady * * *.*

See, see, she wakes ! *Sabina* wakes !
And now the Sun begins to rise !
Less glorious is the Morn that breaks
From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.
With Light united, Day they give ;
But different Fates, ere Night fulfil ;
How many by his Warmth will live !
How many will her Coldness kill !

The Lady's offering her Looking-Glass to Venus.

Venus ! take my votive Glass ;
Since I am not what I was,
What, from this Day, I shall be
Venus ! let me never see.

*On a young Gentleman and his young Mother, who
had each lost an Eye.*

Young *Acon* wants, *Lunilla* wants an Eye ;
And either might with Gods in Beauty vie ;
Those Lamps, sweet Youth, which shine apart so fair,
No longer with thy blooming Mother share ;
Oh ! let thy Light adorn *Lunilla's* Brow ;
So shall she *Venus* be, blind *Cupid* thou.

What is Thought ?

The Hermit's Solace in his Cell,
The Fire that warms the Poet's Brain ;
The Lover's Heaven, or his Hell ;
The Mad-man's Sport, the Wise-man's Pain.

To the Author of a Satire against Wit.

Thine is the only Muse on *British* Ground,
Whose Satire tickles, and whose Praises wound ;
Sure *Hebrew* first was taught her by her Nurse,
Where the same Word is taught to bless and curse.

The Feather.

In *Florimel's* Arms, as if quite out of Breath,
I'll kiss thee, my Charmer, I'll kiss thee to Death ;
Cry'd *Thyfsis* is Raptures—but soon on her Breast,
He sunk down his Head, and compos'd him to rest.
Not long had they lain thus, unactive together,
Ere the Wanton pluck'd forth from the Bolster a Feather,

And grasping him hard, till he open'd his Eyes,
In a Tone of Derision, the witty one cries—
To prevent being kill'd in the Manner you said,
I resolve with this Feather, to chop off your Head.

From the Greek.

Two Goddesses now must *Cyprus* adore,
The Muses are ten, the Graces are four ;
Stella's Wit is so charming, so sweet her fair Face,
She shines a new *Venus*, a Muse, and a Grace.

From.

From Martial. Lib. XII. Ep. 54.

Thy Beard and Head are of a different Dye;
Short of one Foot, distorted in an Eye:
With all these Tokens of a Knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish Cheat.

An Epitaph on Mr. Foot.

Here lies one *Foot*, whose Death may Thousands save;
For Death has now *one Foot* within the Grave!

The Scotch Weather-Wife.

Scotland, thy Weather's like a modish Wife;
Thy *Winds* and *Rains* maintain perpetual Strife:
So *termagant*, awhile her Thunder tries
And, when she can no longer *scold*—she *cries*.

*A French Gentleman dining with some Company on
a Fast Day, called for some Bacon and Eggs.
The rest were very angry, and reprov'd him for
so heinous a Sin. Hereupon he wrote the follow-
ing Lines.*

Who can believe with common Sense,
A Bacon-slice gives God Offence!
Or, how a Herring hath a Charm,
Almighty Anger to disarm!
Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

*Upon Dean Swift leaving his Fortune to build an
Hospital for Ideots.*

The Dean must die, vile Ideots to maintain;
Perish, ye Ideots!—and long live the Dean.

*Proper Ingredients to make a SCEPTIC. By Mr.
STEPHEN DUCK.*

A little *Learning*, twenty Grains of *Sense*,
Reserve a *double Share* of *Ignorance*;

Infuse

Infuse a *little Wis* into the Scull,
 Which never fails to make a *mighty Fool*;
 Two Drams of *Faith*, two Tons of *doubling* next;
 Let all be with the *Dregs* of *Reason* mixt;
 These jarring Seeds when in his Nature sown,
 He'll censure all Things, but approve of none.

The Military Beaux.

'Tis said that the Soldiers so lazy are grown,
 With Luxury, Plenty, and Ease,
 That they more for their Carriage than Courage are
 And scarce know the Use of a Piece. (known.
 Let them say what they will, since it nobody galls,
 And exclaim out still louder and louder;
 For there ne'er was more Money expended in Balls,
 Or a greater Consumption of Powder.

The WISE LAWYER ; or Fees on both Sides strict Justice.

Old Counsellor *Double*, well vers'd in the Laws,
 Can never consent to lose *Client*, or *Cause* :
 Hence oft the wise Sage we at *Westminster* see
 On *each Side* retain'd, and on *each Side* take Fee.
 Yet say not, too rashly, he forfeits his *Troth*,
 To *neither* he's *false*, when he pleases 'em *both*.
 While *one* he will *charm* by his *strenuous Bawl*,
 He'll gain *r'other's* Cause, by not *speaking at all*.

On a Playhouse-Dispute at Westminster-Hall.

Players and *Patentees* at Law are hot,
 To know who are the Beggars, who are not :
 Ye mighty *Kings* and *Chieftains* of the Stage !
 On this great Point suspend awhile your Rage :
 But one Year more at *Westminster* contend,
 And, 'faith, ye'll all be Beggars at the End.

To the Rev. Dr. L——, occasioned by his Sermon
for the Support of the Charity Children at Tun-
bridge Wells, where the Collection was small.

In vain you shew a happy Nation,
The Gospel's gracious Dispensation ;
And plead, from thence, to bring up Youth
To early Piety and Truth ;
To unattentive Ears you preach
What Misery alone can teach.

'Tis said, *Hibernia* boasts a Flood
Famous for petrifying Wood ;
Tunbridge, thy *min'ral Streams*, we know,
A stranger Transformation show ;
Their dire Effects the Wretched feel,
Thy Waters turn the Heart to Steel.

Another on the same Occasion.

So little given at *Chapel Door* !
This People, doubtless, *must* be poor ;
So much at *Gaming* thrown away !
No Nation sure so rich as they.
Britons ! 'twere greatly for your Glory,
Shou'd those who shall transmit your Story,
Their Notions of your Grandeur frame,
Not as you give, but as you game.

On some late Books, intituled, BODIES of DIVINITY.

Books of Science when you print,
The Work wou'd be entire and whole,
Shou'd you, dear Friend, but take the Hint,—
And to your *Bodies* add a *Soul*.

*On the KING'S STATUE placed on the Top of
Bloomsbury-Steeple.*

The King of Great Britain was reckon'd before
The Head of the Church by all good Christian People ;
His Subjects of *Bloomsbury* have added one more •
To his Titles—and made him the Head of the Steeple.

On

On the same.

At *Stocks-Market* and *Charing*
 No longer stand staring,
 But turn your Eyes this Way, good People!
 For a Man on a Horse
 Is a Matter in Course;
 But lo! here is a Man on a Steeple.

On an OPERA.

An Op'ra, like a Pillory, may be said
 To nail our Ears down, but expose our Head.

On the Power of Music.

The Force of Music best is found,
 When Soul subservient is to Sound.

*Occasioned by a Report, that her Grace the Dutchess
 Dowager of Marlborough had offered a Reward
 of 500l. to the Poet who should best exert his
 Genius in Honour of the late Duke her Husband.*

Five hundred Pounds! too small a Boon
 To put a Poet's Muse in Tune,
 That nothing may escape her;
 Shou'd she attempt th' heroick Story
 Of the illustrious Churchill's Glory,
 It scarce wou'd buy the Paper.

In Grantham Church-yard.

John Palfryman which lieth here,
 Was aged twenty-four Year;
 And in this Place his Mother lies;
 Also his Father, when he dies.

*A Rev. D—r's Lamentation for the Loss of his
 Hearing.*

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone;
 To all my Friends a Burden grown:

No

No more I hear my Church's Bell,
Than if it rung for my own Knell :
At Thunder now no more I start,
Than at the Rumbling of a Cart ;
And what's incredible, alack !
No more I hear a Woman's Clack.

Cupid mistaken.

Where *Chloe* in the shady Grove was laid,
Thither by chance the wanton *Cupid* stray'd :
Awhile he view'd the Nymph, then cries in Passion,
“ *Mamma, Mamma*, you'll miss your Assignment ;
“ For *Mars* is waiting.”——*Chloe* rais'd her Head,
“ My pretty Boy, sure you've mistook,” she said ;
“ How like, cries he, may one be to another !
“ For, as I live, I thought you was my Mother.”

*Advice to Tom * * * *.*

Wou'd you to *Orcus*' Shades descend,
To be exempt from Care ;
You need but *wench*, and *tipple* well,
And you will soon be there.

On a young Gentleman of good Parts, but a great Rake.

As *Fricus* Bawdy sung, and spoke,
Says *Biblio*, prithee hush !
Where is the Humour, where the Joke,
To show you cannot blush ?

Another on the same.

Fricus displays such wond'rous Merit,
So loudly swears, so loudly sings ;
Sure *Satan* breath'd in him his Spirit,
To qualify him for *Tom King*'s.

A Third.

Nature has done her Part ; do thou but thine ;
Learning and Sense let Decency refine ;

For

For vain Applause transgress not Virtue's Rules :
A witty Sinner is the worst of Fools.

The false PATRIOT.

Curse on that sordid Miser's Lust of Gold,
By whom his Country's Interest is sold,
Auletes cries ; and with a Patriot's Voice
Declares, *or Liberty, or Death's my Choice.*
But when *N——e* whispers in his Ear,
Your Vote shall gain Two thousand Pounds a Year ;
With an obsequious Bow he thanks his Grace,
And wonders how he cou'd mistake the Case.

On Mr. John Day.

Here lies the Body of *John Day* ;
What *young John* ? no, no. *Old John* ? Aye.

*On Richard Button, Esq; who was interr'd in a
Church near Salisbury.*

Oh Sun ! Moon ! Stars ! and ye celestial Poles !
Are *Graves* then dwindled into *Button-holes* ?

On a Man eating rotten Cheese.

Jack eating rotten Cheese, did say,
Like *Sampson*, I my thousands slay ;
I vow, quoth *Roger*, so you do,
And with the self-same Weapon too.

On a Lady's half-masking herself when she smil'd.

So when the Sun, with his meridian Light,
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble Sight,
We thank th' officious Cloud, by whose kind Aid
We view his Glory lessen'd in a Shade.

By Mr. P-----.

In merry old *England* it once was a Rule,
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool ;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That *C-----* can serve both for Fool and for Poet.

*On Tom * * *.*

Tom ever jovial, ever gay,
 To Appetite a Slave,
 Still whores and drinks his Life away,
 And laughs to see me grave.

'Tis thus that we two disagree,
 So diff'rent is our Whim,
 The Fellow fondly laughs at me,
 And I cou'd cry at him.

On a famous Physician called out of Church.

While holy Pray'rs to Heaven were made,
 One soon was heard, and answer'd too,
Save us from sudden Death! was said,
 And strait from Church Sir *John* withdrew.

The Resignation.

My sickly Spouse, with many a Sigh,
 Oft tells me — *Billy*, I shall die :
 I griev'd ; but recollected strait,
 — 'Tis bootless — to contend with Fate ;
 So Resignation to Heav'n's Will,
 — Prepar'd me for succeeding Ill :
 'Twas well it did ; for, on my Life,
 'Twas Heav'n's Will to spare my Wife.

On great Afflictions.

One Comfort from the greatest Ills we gain,
 The Less can never give our Breast a Pain,
 Abstract our Thought, or discompose our Heart,
 Or suffer Fate to throw a second Dart.

Just so the martial Trumpet's weaker Sound,
 The louder Noise of bursting Thunders drown'd ;
 Nor does the Stars expiring Light appear,
 When the Day opens, and the Sun is near.

Saving

*Saving Advice to E——C——], on his late ad-
vertising a Third Volume of Letters.*

C——!, let me advise you, whatever betides,
To let this third Volume alone;
The second's sufficient for all our Backsides,
So pray keep the third for your own.

A Friendly Contest.

While *Cam* and *Iſis* their sad Tribute bring,
Of rival Grief, to weep their pious King,
The Bards of *Iſis* half had been forgot,
Had not the Sons of *Cam* in Pity wrote;
From their learn'd Brothers they took off the Curse,
And prov'd their Verse not bad—by writing worse.

On a young Lady refusing to shew her Hand.

No Argument cou'd *Celia* move,
With strong Reluctance still she strove
Her lovely Hand to hide:
The Case is plain, she was afraid,
That plac'd in view, it might be said
'Twas by *her Hand* they'd dy'd.

On ——'s threatning to translate Pindar.

You've undone *Horace*—what shou'd hinder
Thy Muse from falling upon *Pindar*?
But, e'er you mount your fiery Steed,
Beware, O Bard! how you proceed:
For, shou'd you give him once the Reins
High up in Air, he'll turn your Brains;
And, if you shou'd his Fury check,
'Tis Ten to One, he breaks your Neck.

On a F—t, by Dean Swift.

My Age is not a Moment's Stay;
My Birth the same with my Decay:
I favour ill; no Colour know;
And fade, that Instant that I blow.

On some Reflections on Pope's Busto.

Well, Sir, suppose the *Busto's* a damn'd Head,
 Suppose that *Pope's* an Elf;
 All he can say for't, is, he neither made
 The *Busto*, nor himself.

Rybrake, to make a *Pope* of Stone,
 Must labour hard and sore;
 But it would cost him Labour none
 To make a Stone of *Moor*.

Design'd for the Monument of Sir Isaac Newton.

Approach, ye Wife of Soul! with Awe divine;
 'Tis *Newton's* Name that consecrates this Shrine!
 That Sun of Knowledge, whose meridian Ray
 Kindled the Gloom of Nature into Day!
 That Soul of Science! that unbounded Mind!
 That Genius which exalted human Kind!
 Confess'd supreme of Men! his Country's Pride!
 And half-esteem'd an Angel, till he dy'd;
 Who in the Eye of Heav'n, like *Enoch* stood,
 And thro' the Paths of Knowledge, walk'd with God;
 Who made his Fame a Sea without a Shore,
 And but forsook one World, to know the Laws of
 more.

Epitaph on a Miser.

Beneath this verdant Hillock lies
Demar, the Wealthy and the Wise.
 His Heirs, that he may safely rest,
 Have put his Carcase in a Chest;
 The very Chest, in which, they say,
 His other Self, his Money, lay.
 And if his Heirs continue kind,
 To that dear Self he left behind,
 I dare believe, that four in five
 Will think his better half alive.

From

From the French.

Sir, I admit your general Rule,
 That every Poet is a Fool ;
 But you yourself may serve to show it,
 That every Fool is not a Poet.

The Law-Suit.

Two Parties had a Diff'rence, and the Cause
 Did come to be decided by the Laws :
 The bribing Plaintiff did the Judge present
 With a new Coach ; t'other, with same Intent,
 Gives him two Horses ; each with like Design
 To make the Judge to his own Side incline.
 The Cause being try'd, the Plaintiff's overthrown ;
 O Coach ! said he, thou art the wrong Way gone !
 The Judge reply'd, It cannot but be so ;
 For where his Horses draw, your Coach must go.

*Epitaph on the most lamented Death of Mr. Wil-
 liam Wells, Master of the Bear-Garden at
 Marybone.*

Shed, O ye Combatants ! a Flood of Tears ;
 Howl, all ye Dogs ! roar, all ye Bulls and Bears !
 Ye Butchers weep ; for you, no Doubt, are Grievous,
 And found his Loss with Marrow-bones and Cleavers ;
Wells is no more——yet Death hath been so kind,
 That he hath left his Bulls and Bears behind.

To a Lady, stung by a Bee.

To heal the Wound a Bee had made
 Upon my *Delia's* Face,
 Its Honey to the Part she laid,
 And bade me kiss the Place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the Wound
 Suck'd both the Sweet and Smart ;
 The Honey on my Lips I found,
 The Sting went thro' my Heart.

The Courtship.

A Swarm of Sparks, young, gay, and bold,
 Lov'd *Sylvia* long; but she was cold:
 Int'rest and Pride the Nymph controul'd;
 So they in vain their Passion told.
 At last came *Dulman*; he was old,
 Nay, he was ugly; but had Gold:
 He came, and saw, and took the Hold,
 While Brother Beaus their Loss condol'd;
 Some say, she's wed; I say she's fold.

The Balance of Europe.

Now *Europe's* balanc'd, neither Side prevails;
 For nothing's left in either of the Scales.

True Riches.

Irus, tho' wanting Gold and Lands,
 Lives chearful, easy, and content;
Corvus, unblest'd, with twenty Hands
 Employ'd to count his yearly Rent.

Sages of *Lombard*! tell me which
 Of these you think possesses more?
 One with his Poverty is rich,
 And one with all his Wealth is poor.

On Oaths.

Our Fathers took Oaths, as of old they took Wives,
 To have and to hold for the Term of their Lives;
 But we take our Oaths, as our Whores, for our Ease,
 And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they please.

*To the Lady * * *.*

Long did great *Jove* the weighty Point debate,
 Uncertain, Nymph or Goddess to create.
 Irresolute, he cry'd, What must be done!
 We'll form a Nymph and Goddess both in one:
 But from what Pattern of celestial Race
 The Features of her heavenly Part to trace?
 Shall lovely *Venus* to the Picture sit?
 Or shall we copy *Pallas'* Mien and Wit?

Still unresolv'd, thus to the heavenly Maid,
As from his Hand she rose, Be both at once, he said :
Hence both in thy lov'd Composition meet,
As *Pallas* graceful, and as *Venus* sweet.

Written in a Lady's Milton.

With Virtue strong as your's had *Eve* been arm'd,
In vain the Fruit had blush'd, or Serp^{ent} charm'd;
Nor had our Bliss by Penitence been bought,
Nor had frail *Adam* fell, nor *Milton* wrote.

To the KING, on his Navy.

Shou'd Nature's Self invade the World again,
And o'er the Centre spread the liquid Main,
Thy Pow'r were safe, and her destructive Hand
Wou'd but enlarge the Bounds of thy Command;
Thy dreadful Fleet wou'd style thee *Lord of all*,
And rise in Triumph o'er the drowned Ball;
Those Tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile Plains might go,
And visit Mountains where they once did grow.

Epitaph on a Miser married to a Coquette.

Here resteth *John*, 'midst other Clay,
Who heap'd up Riches every Day,
And never gave one Doit away;
Parted with nothing all his Life,
But what in common was — his Wife.

On a profuse Duke and Sir John Cutler.

His Grace's Fate, sage *Cutler* cou'd foresee,
And well, he thought, advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir *John*!
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty Purse?

On the Death of an Undertaker.

Subdued by Death, here Death's great Herald lies,
 And adds a Trophy to his Victories;
 Yet sure he was prepar'd, who, while he'ad Breath,
 Made it his Business still to look for Death.

The Nonpareil.

Early this Morn, a Time to Muses kind,
 Willing to draw one Woman to my Mind,
 Wise without Pride, without Coquetting fair,
 Chaste as the unblown Rose, yet free as Air;
 In Language easy, and in Temper sweet,
 And moderately learn'd, and simply great;
 Who ne'er one Step from Virtue's Paths had trod,
 True to her Friend, but truer to her God.
 —But, when I on the Picture thought, I cry'd,
No such can be, and flung my Pen aside.
 My Muse then kindly whisper'd, *Such can be*,
 Bade me *Clarinda* write——and that was she.

Beauty too dazzling.

Dorinda's sparkling Wit and Eyes,
 Uniting, cast too fierce a Light,
 Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
 Pains not the Heart, but hurts the Sight.
 Love is a calmer, gentler Joy,
 Smooth as his Looks, and soft his Pace;
 Her *Cupid* is a Black-guard Boy,
 That runs his Link full in my Face.

Sir Toby's Journey.

As *Sir Toby* reel'd home, with his Skin full of Wine,
 To his House in the Square, from his Friends at the
Vine,
 He snuff'd the fresh Air, and his Noddle turn'd round;
 He stagger'd,—but gain'd not an Inch of his Ground.
 Get home! quoth the Knight; why, this ne'er can do,
 If, for one Step gain'd forward, I backward reel two:

I'll return to the *Vine*. — So, as one may suppose,
 Sir *Toby* intended to follow his Nose.
 But this retrograde Knight ne'er alter'd his Pace,
 And, gaining Ground backwards, found out the right
 Place :

The Sot's Mathematics at length did prevail,
 And Sir *Toby* steer'd home by the Help of his Tail.

On Wit.

True Wit is like the brilliant Stone,
 Dug from the *Indian Mine* ;
 Which boast two various Pow'rs in one,
 To cut as well as shine.

Genius like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same Gift abounds,
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles while it wounds.

On a Shadow.

The Sun now clear, serene the golden Skies,
 Where-e'er you go, as fast the Shadow flies ;
 A Cloud succeeds : The Sunshine now is o'er,
 The fleeting Phantom fled, is seen no more.
 With your bright Day, its Progress too does end ;
 See here, vain Man ! the Picture of your Friend.

On a stingy Beau.

Curio's rich Side-board seldom sees the Light,
 Clean is his Kitchen, and his Spits are bright ;
 His Knives and Forks, all rang'd in even Rows,
 No Hands molest, or Fingers interpose ;
 A curious Jack, hung up to please the Eye,
 For ever still ; whose Flyers never fly :
 His Plates unfulfilled, shining on the Shelf ;
 For *Curio* dresses nothing, but himself.

On

On the Atchievement over the Door of —

The Coat exactly with his Manners suits :
 How near a-kin the Master and the Brutes !
 His Qualities were ne'er so well express'd,
 Wolves his Supporters, and a Bear his Crest.

The Question answer'd.

Why is a handsome Wife ador'd
 By every Coxcomb, but her Lord ?
 From yonder Puppet-man enquire,
 Who wisely hides his Wood and Wire :
 Shews *Sheba's* Queen completely drest
 And *Solomon* in royal Vest ;
 But view them litter'd on the Floor,
 Or strung on Pegs behind the Door,
Punch is exactly of a Piece
 With *Lorrain's* Duke, or Prince of *Greece*.

On Roger Grant's being appointed Oculist to Queen Anne.

Her Majesty sure was in a Surprise !
 Or else was very short-sighted,
 When a Tinker was sworn to look after her Eyes,
 And the Mountebank *Read* was knighted.

On Cold.

The *Latin* Word for *cold*, one ask'd his Friend ;
 It is, said he,—'*tis at my finger's end*.

On a lad Painter.

Fabius, you say, is much inclin'd
 Each Cheek with too much red to fill ;
 His Pieces only blush to find
 The Painter draws their Looks so ill.

On the Derivation of the Word News.

The Word explains itself without the Muse,
 And the four Letters speak from whence come NEWS,
 From *North, East, West, South*, the Solution's made,
 Each Quarter gives Accounts of War and Trade.

Hope and Fear.

Who has the better Game still *fears* the End,
 Who has the worse, still *hopes* his Game will mend.

On Mr. Budgell's Proposal of publishing an accurate Translation of a Book, which had been already translated.

Dulness, good Goddess, chanc'd to see,
 The Product of a *Bel Esprit* ;
 Which clearly does the Causes mention,
 Of *Roman Grandeur and Declension*,
 Penn'd in pure *French* so very sprightly
 She judg'd 'twou'd take, and judg'd it rightly.

Quoth she, so much I hate this Nation,
 I'll damn this Author in Translation,
 Then, to concert her Purpose well,
 She hast'ned to *Oblivion's* Cell ;
 And found her moping over *Tindal*,
 For she reads all, who e'er have been dull.

Sister, said she, you must befriend me,
 And some *spare Blockhead* quickly lend me ;
 Lay by that old Religion-hater,
 And let him have your *worst Translator* ;
 Some drudging Foe to Wit and Merit,
 Most fit to damp an Author's Spirit.

Oblivion, smiling, cry'd, I have
 The *Flow'r of Dunces* in my Cave,
 And one, who I can safely swear,
 Will suit your Purpose to a Hair ;
 He is your Darling, or I judge ill ;
 Here—*Humdrums*—call your Brother *Budgell*.

Giron at Church.

As *Giron* lately in the Temple sat,
 Tho' that's a Place he comes but seldom at,
 He heard the Mob discoursing in the Porch ;
 Pray, Neighbour, he cries out, don't talk in Church.
 Now wou'd you know why he reprov'd the Crowd
 'Twas 'cause he cou'd not sleep, they talk'd so loud.

On some Authors honour'd by her Majesty.

When Virtue reigns, to Liberty a Friend,
 Men read with Judgment, and with Taste commend,
 Fond to be wise, ambitious, some explore
Newton's amazing Depths, untry'd before,
 And dig with Pleasure in so rich an Ore ;
Woolston instructs an unattentive Age,
 And teaches Virtue in familiar Page.
 By *Locke* assisted, the enquiring few,
 The darker Parts of Reason dare pursue,
 And e'er they judge on every Side they view :
 They know Imposture in a shrewd Disguise,
 And owe to *Locke*, that reading makes them wise.
 When some forbidden Heights advent'rous try,
 And, self-sufficient into Nature pry,
 Chastis'd by *Clarke* their thoughtless Pride must yield,
 And each deceiving Cavil quit the Field,
 While Words like his prevailing Light convey,
 Their glimmering Sense improves to perfect Day.

On a fine House built by a Lawyer.

The Lawyer's House if I have rightly read,
 Is built upon the Fool and Madman's Head.

On Characters.

When Death puts out our *Flame* the Snuff will tell,
 If we were *Wax* or *Tallow* by the Smell.

On Love.

The shaken Tree grows faster at the Root ;
 And *Love* grows firmer from some Blasts of Doubt.

On

On a fine Library.

With Eyes of Wonder the gay Shelves behold ;
Poets, all Rags alive, now clad in Gold.
In Life, and Death, one common Fate they share,
And on their Backs still all their Riches wear.

Promises.

Lords promise soon, but to perform are long ;
Lord send their Purse-strings ty'd but to their Tongue.

*To the Lady T---nk---lle, on her reading Sherlock
on Death. By the E—— of Ch——.*

Mistaken Fair ! lay *Sherlock* by,
His Doctrine is deceiving ;
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our Living.

To die's a Lesson we shall know,
Too soon without a Master ;
Then let us only study now
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love ; to blest, be blest'd
With mutual Inclination ;
Share then my Ardour in your Breast,
And kindly meet my Passion.

But, if thus blest'd, I may not live,
And Pity you deny,
To me at least your *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

*On the Lady * * *.*

What do Scholars and Bards, and Philosophers wise,
Mean by stuffing one's Head with such Nonsense and
Lies !

By telling us *Venus* must always appear
In a Car, or a Shell, or a twinkling Star !
Drawn by Sparrows, or Swans, or Dolphins, or Doves,
And attended in Form, by the Graces and Loves !

F

That

That Ambrosia and Nectar is all she will taste ;
And a Passport to Hearts, is a Belt to her Waist !

Without all this Trouble, I saw the bright Dame ;
To Supper last Night to *Pultney's* she came,
In a good warm Sedan ; no fine open Car ;
Two Chairmen her Doves, and a Flambeau her Star :
No Nectar she drank, no Ambrosia she eat,
Her Cup was plain Claret, and Chicken her Meat.
Nor wanted she Cestus her Bosom to grace,
For *Richmond* that Night had lent her her Face.

*On George Faulkener's promising to have the Dean
of St. Patrick's Effigies prefix'd to the new Edi-
tion of his Works, from a Copper Plate done by
Mr. Vertue.*

In a little dark Room, at the Back of his Shop,
Where Poets and Criticks have din'd on a Chop,
Poor *Faulkner* sat musing alone thus of late :

" Two Volumes are done—It is Time for the Plate.
" Yes Time to be sure—But on whom shall I call,
" To express the great *Swift* in a Compass so small ?
" Faith *Vertue* shall do it—I'm pleas'd at the Thought ;
" Be the Cost what it will, the Copper is bought."
Apollo o'er-heard, who as some People guess,
Had a Hand in the Work, and corrected the Press,
And pleas'd, he reply'd, " Honest *George*, you are right,
" This Thought was my own, howlo'er you came
" by't ;
" For, tho' both the Wit and the Style is my Gift,
" 'Tis *Vertue* alone can design us a *Swift*."

On her late Majesty in her Grotto.

Not more by Ensigns, than select Abode,
Distinguish'd are each Goddess, and each God.
In *Paphos* Isle doth *Cytherea* dwell ;
Neptune and *Thetis* in their watry Cell ;
High on *Olympus* Top sits sceptred *Jove*,
And *Britain's Pallas* in her green Alcove.

Upon

Upon a Lady's writing in Characters.

Belinda fights for *Strephon*, and wou'd show it,
By writing thus, that none but he may know it :
So while in Characters she tells her Mind,
Love makes not him, or her, but others blind.

On being expell'd a Lady's Company.

Thus *Adam* look'd, when from the Garden driv'n,
And thus disputed Orders sent from Heav'n :
Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth ;
Like him I go, for Angels drive us both.
Hard was his Fate, but mine still more unkind ;
His *Eve* went with him, but mine stay'd behind.

Sent in a Snuff-Box.

Think, and some useful Lessons 'twill impart,
That when you open it, you ope my Heart ;
Think, when you see this Present from your Lover,
Your Self's the *Bottom*, and that I'm the *Cover*.

Dryden's Epitaph on the Lady Whitmore.

Fair, kind, and true, a Treasure each alone ;
A Wife, a Mistress, and a Friend in one ;
Rest in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Husband's Cost,
Here sadly summing what he had, and lost.

Come, Virgins, ere in equal Bands you join,
Come first and offer at her sacred Shrine ;
Pray but for half the Virtues of this Wife,
Compound for all the rest with longer Life,
And wish your Vows like her's may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

Fighting.

Who in his Cups will only *Fight*, is like
The Clock that must be oil'd well, ere it *strike*.

On Sin.

Formio bewails his Sins with the same Heart
As Friends do Friends, when they're about to part.
Believe it *Formio* will not entertain
One merry Thought until they meet again.

On Treason.

Treason does never prosper; what's the Reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it Treason.

The World.

The World's a *Book*, writ by th' eternal Art
Of the great *Author*; printed in Man's Heart;
'Tis falsely *printed*, tho' divinely penn'd,
And all the *Errata*, will appear at th' *End*.

On Mr. Air.

This polish'd Stone of Marble fair,
Includes the Corps of *Gervase Air*:
Methinks 'tis a surprizing Death,
That *Air* shou'd die for want of Breath.

On Poverty.

He who in his Pocket has no Money,
Shou'd in his Mouth, be never without Honey.

Encouragement to young Authors.

An Author young, who pants for Fame,
Begins the World with Fear and Shame,
When first in Print, you see him dread
Each Pop-Gun levell'd at his Head;
The Lead yon Critick's Quill contains,
Is destin'd to beat out his Brains;
As if he heard loud Thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have Mercy on my Soul!
Concluding, that another Shot,
Will strike him dead upon the Spot.
But when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one Creature dropping;

That

That missing Fire, or missing Aim,
His Life is safe, I mean his Fame :
The Danger past, takes Heart of Grace,
And looks a Critick in the Face.

The Laurel. Address'd to Mr. C—.

What diff'rent Effects does the Laurel produce ?
In its Bough there is Honour, but Death in its Juice ;
And since C—b—r has now brought its Honour so low,
He shou'd taste of the Juice, for abusing the Bough.

On Chloe.

When first I gaz'd on *Chloe's* Face,
And saw each killing Eye ;
I thought 'twas Heav'n—and so it was :
But not for such as I.

On Mr. Congreve.

Dan Congreve spent in writing Plays,
And one poor Office half his Days ;
While *Montagu*, who claim'd the Station,
To be *Mecænas* of the Nation ;
For Poets open Table kept,
And ne'er consider'd where they slept ;
Himself as rich as fifty *Jerws*
Was easy, tho' they wanted Shoes ;
And crazy *Congreve*, scarce cou'd spare
A Shilling to discharge his Chair :
Till Prudence taught him to appeal
For *Pæans* Fire, to Party-zeal ;
Not owing to his happy Vein
The Fortunes of his latter Scene ;
Took proper Principles to thrive,
And so might every Dunce alive.

On Drefs.

He who a *Gold-finch* strives to make his Wife,
Makes her, perhaps, a *Wagtail* all her Life.

The Courtier and Scholar.

A haughty Courtier meeting in the Streets
A Scholar, him thus insolently greets ;
Base Men to take the Wall, I ne'er permit ;
The Scholar said, I do, and gave him it.

On the Funeral of Vulture Hopkins.

Waa m' rous Lights this Wretch's Corps attend,
Who, in his Life-time, sav'd a Candle's End.

The World.

This World is the best that we live in,
To lend, and to spend, and to give in:
But, to borrow, or beg, or get a Man's own,
It is the worst World that ever was known.

From Martial.

Thy grave Demureness pleases me,
Mixt with well-tim'd Delight;
All Day thou may'st *Lucretia* be,
But *Lais* be at Night.

On a Bee, stifled in Honey.

From Flow'r to Flow'r, with eager Pains,
See the blest busy Lab'rer fly;
When all that from her Toil she gains,
Is in the Sweets she hoards to die.
'Tis thus, wou'd Man the Truth believe,
With Life's soft Sweets, each fav'rite Joy;
If we taste wisely, they relieve,
But if we plunge too deep, destroy.

The Friendship of Sir Edward —.

Thus with kind Words, Sir *Edward* cheer'd his Friend,
Dear *Dick*! thou on my Friendship may'st depend;
I know thy Fortune is but very scant,
But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er see thee in Want.
Dick's soon confin'd---His Friend, no doubt, wou'd
free him,
---His Word he kept--In Want he ne'er wou'd see him.

On an old Scold.

Scylla is toothless, yet when she was young,
She had both Teeth enough, and too much Tongue;
What shall we then of toothless *Scylla* say?
But that her Tongue has sworn her Teeth away.

On Legacies.

They who in Life oppress, and then bequeath
 Their Goods to pious Uses at their Death ;
 Are like those Drunkards, who, when laid asleep,
 Disgorge the Liquor which they cannot keep.

On infamous Men in Power.

When Men of Infamy to Grandeur soar,
 They light a Torch, to show their Shame the more.

On Repentance.

'Tis not to cry out Mercy, or to fit
 And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd,
 — 'Tis to bewail the Sins thou didst commit,
 And not commit those Sins thou hast bewail'd ;
 He that bewails, and not forsakes them too,
 Confesses rather what he means to do.

The contented Farmer.

I eat, drink, and sleep, and do what I please :
 The King at St. James's can only do these ?

Courage misplaced.

As *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
 He took to his Heels and fled for his Life,
Tom's three dearest Friends came by in the Squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the Shrew and the Rabble,
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober Advice ;
 But *Tom* is a Person of Honour so pice,
 Too wise to take Counsel, too proud to take Warning,
 That he sent to all three a Challenge next Morning ;
 Three Duels he fought, thrice he ventur'd his Life,
 Went Home, and was cudgell'd again by his Wife.

On buying a Bible.

'Tis but a Folly to rejoice or boast,
 How small a Price thy well-bought Purchase cost.
 Until

Until thy Death, thou shalt not fully know,
Whether it was a Pennyworth or no;
And, at that time, believe me, 'twill appear
Extremely cheap, or else extremely dear.

Advice to the Poets.

How shall we please this Age? If in a Song
We put above six Lines, they count it long;
If we contract it to an Epigram,
As deep the dwarfish Poetry they damn:
If we write Plays, *few* see above an Act,
And *those* lewd Masks, or noisy Fops distract.
Let us write Satire then, and, at our Ease,
Vex the ill-natur'd Fools we cannot please.

On the Impossibility of pleasing all People.

Who seeks to please all Men each Way,
And not himself offend;
He may begin his Work to Day,
But God knows when he'll end.

On Nature.

Nature a *thousand Ways* complains,
A thousand Words express her Pains;
But for her *Laughter* has but three,
And very small ones, *Ha, Ha, He.*

On a Man who usually promis'd more than he cou'd perform.

When you promise, Friend *Tom*, you should always
take Care,
Not to give the *Bear-skin* till you've taken the *Bear*.

Wrote on the Collar of a Dog, belonging to the PRINCE at Kew.

• I am the Prince's Dog at *Kew*,
Pray, tell me, Sir, whose Dog are you?

On a noted Blacksmith.

My Sledge and Hammer lie reclin'd,
My Bellows too have lost their Wind ;
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decay'd,
And in the Dust my Vice is laid ;
My Coal is spent, my Iron's gone,
My Nails are drove, my Work is done.

On Sir John Fry.

Here lies the Body of Sir *John Fry*,
Oh ! oh ! does he so ? There let him lie.

*On a surly Victualler, Master of the Red-Lion
Inn at a certain Place near Salisbury.*

When a Man to the Town for a Show brings a Lion,
'Tis usual a Monkey the Sign-post to tie on ;
But here the old Custom inverted is seen,
For the Lion's without, and the Monkey within.

Epitaph on Shakespear.

Extracted from his Play of the Tempest.

The cloud-capt Towers,
The gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples,
The great Globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits,
Shall dissolve ;
And like the baseless Fabric of a Vision
Leave not a Wreck behind.

*On Mr. Elijah Fenton at Easthamstead in
Berks, 1730.*

This modest Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly say, *Here lies an honest Man.*
A Poet blest'd beyond the Poet's Fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great.

Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
 Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
 Calmly he look'd on either Life, and *here*
 Saw nothing to regret, or *there* to fear.
 From Nature's temp'rate Feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

On Mr. Gay.

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild,
 In Wit a Man ; Simplicity, a Child;
 With native Humour, temp'ring virtuous Rage,
 Form'd to delight at once, and lash the Age.
 Above Temptation, in a low Estate,
 And uncorrupted ev'n among the Great !
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End ;
 These are thy Honours ! not that here thy Bust,
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Dust ;
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive Posoms—Here lies GAY.

Written in a young Lady's Almanack.

Think, bright *Florella*, when you see
 The constant Changes of the Year,
 That nothing is from Ruin free,
 And gayest Things must disappear.

Think of your Glories in their Bloom,
 The Spring of sprightly Youth improve,
 For cruel Age, alas ! will come,
 And then 'twill be too late to love.

On the Loss of Time.

Ticio stands gazing for the clouded Sun,
 To be inform'd how fast his Hours shall run.
 Ah ! foolish *Ticio*, art thou found in Mind,
 To lose by seeking, what thou seek'st to find.

From

From Martial.

Maro, you'll give me nothing while you live,
 But after Death, you cry, then you will give,
 If thou art not, indeed, turn'd arrant Afs,
 Thou know'st what I desire may come to pass.

When *Chloe's* Picture was to *Chloe* shewn,
 Adorn'd with Charms and Beauty, not her own,
 Where *Hogarth*, pitying Nature, kindly made
 Such Lips, such Eyes, as *Chloe* never had ;
 Ye Gods ! she cries, in Extasy of Heart,
 How near can Nature be expressed by Art !
 Well ! it is wond'rous like ! nay, let me die,
 The very pouting Lip—the killing Eye !

Blunt and severe as *Manly* in the Play,
Downright replies ; like, Madam, do you say !
 The Picture bears this Likeness, it is true,
 The Canvas painted is, and so are you.

On the Law.

Unhappy *Chremes*, Neighbour to a Peer,
 Kept half his Sheep, and fatted half his Deer ;
 Each Day his Gate, thrown down, his Fences broke,
 And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke,
 At last resolv'd his potent Foe to awe,
 And guard his Right, by Statute, and by Law ;
 A Suit in *Chancery* the Wretch begun,
 Nine happy Terms thro' Bill and Answer run,
 Obtain'd his Cause, had Costs, and was undone. }

On the Invention of Letters. From the French.

The noble Art, from *Cadmus* took its Rise,
 Of printing Words, and speaking to the Eyes ;
 He first in wondrous magic Fetters bound
 The airy Voice, and stopp'd the flying Sound ;
 The various Figures by his Pencil wrought,
 Gave Colour, and a Body to the Thought.

To Chloe weeping.

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair *Chloe*, see
The World in Sympathy with thee :
The chearful Birds no longer sing,
Each droops his Head, and hangs his Wing :
The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower,
And shed their Sorrows in a Shower.
The Brooks beyond their Limits flow,
And louder Murmurs speak their Woe.
The Nymphs and Swains adopt thy Cares ;
They leave thy Sighs, and weep thy Tears.
Fantastick Nymph ! that Grief shall move
Thy Heart obdurate against Love :
Strange Tears ! whose Pow'r can soften all,
But that dear Breast on which they fall.

On a young Lady just married to a Clergyman.

The Gods assembled in Debate
About *Amelia's* nuptial State,
A Gift so glorious, good, and great,
To whom they shou'd assign ;
Unanimously did agree,
That one so like themselves, wou'd be
Ill-suited to Mortality,
So gave her a *Divine*.

On a late Duel.

The prating, playful, little Pleader slain !
O, no! Lord *Teague* and *Dicky* did but feign ;
Doubting twelve Months, if 'twou'd be wrong, or
right,
At last they did, as 'twere, agree to fight :

And

And 'tis a wonderful Account, if true,
They met, they talk'd, they drew, and then—withdrew.

The Sportsman's Prayer to Cupid.

Cupid! make your Virgins tender,
Make them easy to be won;
Let them presently surrender,
When the Siege is once begun.

Such as like a tedious Wooing,
Let them cruel Damsels find;
Give me such as wou'd be doing;
Prithee, *Cupid*, make them kind.

On Mrs. Justice, convicted of Shoplifting.

In Life with what surprizing Turns we meet?
E'en *Justice* is become an errant Cheat.
Alas! who Honesty herself will trust,
Or Truth believe—when *Justice* is unjust!

The R E P L Y.

Poor *Robin* getting drunk one Day,
Umbra with Warmth did to him say,
You Villain! he who drinks can ne'er
Be honest, faithful, or sincere.
Robin replies, If this be true,
What Man so great a Rogue as you?

An Epitaph in a Cuntry Church-yard.

Death is a Debt to Nature due,
Which I have paid, and so must you.

Another, on a beautiful and virtuous young Lady.

Sleep soft in Dust, wait the Almighty's Will;
Then rise unchang'd, and be an Angel still.

The nearer the Bone, the sweeter the Flesh.

The Reason is plain why honest *Ned Hatton*,
Who married five Wives, wou'd ne'er chuse a fat one.

L I F E.

Man, by Necessity compell'd, must go
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Woe :
Man with the Morn begins his destin'd Race,
Joy in his Eye, and Pleasure in his Face ;
But oh ! what Rubs attend his setting Days !
His Sinews slacken, and his Strength decays ;
His Limbs all ake, with hourly Toil oppress'd,
'Till with'd for Night restores him peaceful Rest :
Thus Man for ever labours and decays,
Counting his few, and those uneasy Days.
He scarce a Minute glories in his Bloom :
So harsh is Death's inexorable Doom !
So nigh, alas ! the Cradle and the Tomb !

An Answer to Celia.

Cries *Celia* to a waggish Mortal, " Know . . .
" All is not Gold that makes a glitt'ring Show."
" True, cries the Wag, thy Face wou'd be no Snare,
" But for deceitful Colours painted there."

Words are Wind.

If Words are but Wind, as some allow,
No Promises can bind ;
For breaking of the strictest Vow,
Is only breaking Wind.

On

On the Death of Dean Swift.

When *Gay* breath'd his last, we in Silence complain'd;
 For yet we'd a *Pope* and a *Swift* that remain'd:
Pope falls—All *Parnassus* resounds with our Cries,
 And our Prayers ascend, to keep *Swift* from the Skies.
 Vain Wishes! vain Pray'rs! to the Winds they are
 given;
 For Death comes relentless, and takes him to Heaven.
 At little Misfortunes we're soberly sad,
 But it's time, now we've lost all our Wits—to run
 mad.

Inscription on a Clock in Yorkshire.

I serve thee here, with all my Might,
 To tell the Hours by Day, by Night;
 Therefore Example take by me,
 And serve thy GOD, as I serve thee.

Richard's Opinion.

Dick's Wife was sick, and pos'd the Doctors Skill,
 Who differ'd how to cure th' invet'rate Ill.
 Purg'ing the one prescrib'd; No, quoth the other,
 That will do neither Good nor Harm, my Brother;
 Bleeding's the only Way. 'Twas quick reply'd,
 That's certain Death: But since we differ wide,
 'Tis fit the Husband chuse by whom t' abide. }
 I'll see no great Skill, quo' *Richard*, by the Rood;
 But I'll see think Bleeding's like to do most Good.

*On a Gentleman who mistook a kept Madam for
a Lady of Fashion.*

Six tedious Months young *Damon* sigh'd,
 In vain his amorous Tale!
 He su'd, implor'd—*Cleo* still deny'd;
 No Efforts cou'd prevail.

At length he try'd the Pow'r of Gold——
 She soon to chide forgot;
 The Fair One was no longer cold,
 But prov'd—alas! too hot.

On a young Lady.

The vainly anxious *Myra* leaves
 To passive Judges her Complaints;
 Her Cause wou'd awe them, were they Knaves;
 Her Eyes wou'd bribe them, were they Saints.

The Beau.

As *Ovid* sings, a Beau of old admir'd
 A Shade, and for the empty Form expir'd:
 Love's God, relenting of his killing Pow'r,
 Gave him the Life that animates a Flow'r.
 Hence future Beaux, so Love ordain'd, are made
 Gay as a Flow'r, but empty as a Shade.

The Case stated.

When *Eve* wou'd try, but to her Cost,
 Th' Experiment of Evil,
 That she with Gods might Wisdom boast,
 And Cunning with the Devil.
 Too soon the Knowledge she obtain'd;
 Too late she curs'd the Prize:
 Oh! had she but a Fool remain'd,
 We shou'd have all been wise.

The Dimple.

Sylvia the young, the fair, the gay,
 A verdant Bow'r inclos'd;
 The little Wanton, tir'd with Play,
 In downy Sleep repos'd.
 A Bloom, so like the Peach's Hue,
 Her glowing Cheeks expres'd,
 A Bird, eluded, eager flew
 And seiz'd the luscious Feast.

Ah!

Ah! lucky Spoil, tho' rude th' Alarm,
 And *Sylvia* weeping rose,
 Since to the Wound its smiling Form,
 That killing *Dimple* owes.

The Question.

The Earth doth all its various Fruits supply
 With dropping Rain, from yon high azure Sky;
 The Sun and Air suck up the swelling Tide,
 And the pale Moon by wat'ry *Sol's* supply'd:
 Then why, my boon Companions of the Bowl,
 Am I forbid to quench my thirsty Soul?

On Miss Kitty.

That she looks like an Angel, the Ladies all say,
 Is the chief of all Compliments Mankind can pay;
 But 'faith! they're quite wrong; for I think 'tis more
 pretty,
 And the Compliment greater, to say she's like *Kitty*.

On a young Lady playing on the Harpsichord.

Tho' *Orpheus*, ancient Poets say,
 In Music so improv'd,
 So sweetly on the Harp cou'd play,
 That Woods and Stones he mov'd:

Yet, cou'd he hear, who's dead and gone,
 Thee, charming Syren, play,
 He wou'd thy Music sweeter own,
 And throw his Harp away.

Thy Notes, fair Maid, wou'd Brutes controul,
 Can heav'nly Joy inspire;
 They with strong Rapture fill the Soul,
 And set each Heart on Fire.

66
The OAK.

From a small Acorn see the Oak arise,
Supremely tall, and tow'ring in the Skies!
Queen of the Groves, her stately Head she rears,
Her Bulk increasing with the Length of Years:
Now plows the Sea, a warlike gallant Ship!
Whilst in her Womb destructive Thunders sleep!
Hence *Britain* boasts her wide extensive Reign,
And by th' expanded Acorn rules the Main.

*To the incomparable Miss * * *.*

Grace is in your Steps and Mein,
You like a Goddess move;
In all your Gestures there is seen
Both Dignity and Love.

Love steals Artill'ry from your Eyes,
The Graces paint your Charms;
Orpheus is rivall'd in your Voice,
And *Venus* in your Arms.

Written on the Ivory Leaves of a Lady's Pocket-Book.

How blest'd! cou'd I in *Chloe's* Heart,
As in this Book, inscribe her Name!
But wretched still, if there, as here,
Another Fool might do the same.

Blenheim-House.

See, Sirs, see here the grand Approach!
This Way is for his Grace's Coach!
There is the Bridge, and there the Clock!
Observe the Lyon, and the Cock!
The spacious Court! the Colonnade!
And mark how wide the Hall is made!
The Chimnies are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any Wind.

The Gallery's contriv'd to walk in;
 The Windows to retire and talk in;
 The Council-chamber for Debate;
 And all the rest are Rooms of State.

Thanks, Sirs, cry'd I—'tis very fine;—
 But where d'ye sleep? or where d'ye dine?
 I find, by all you have been telling,
 That 'tis a House, but not to dwell in.

*To the incomparable Miss * * **

As with a Friend on *Sunday* last,
 I tript along the Mall;
 Snigg'ring at each powder'd Beau,
 And gazing at each Belle;
 A sudden Buz ran thro' the Croud,
 With "There! that's she in Green;"
 I cou'd not, for my Soul, devise
 What all the Noise did mean.

At length advancing farther on,
 Where still the *Hum* increas'd,
 I saw you, lovely Maid—I did,
 And then my Wonder ceas'd.

On an Epigram.

One Day in *Chelsea* Fields a walking,
 Of Poetry and such Things talking,
 Says *Ralph*, a merry Wag,
 An *Epigram*, if smart and good,
 In all its Circumstances shou'd
 Be like a *Jelly-Bag*.

The Simile, 'ifaith, is new;
 But how can't make it out? says *Hugh*:
 Quo' *Ralph*, I'll tell thee, Friend;
 Make it at Top both wide and fit
 To hold a Budget-full of Wit;
 But point it at the End.

Another

Another on the same.

See! with what Virtue Wit is fraught!
 Its Poignancy admire!
 Which, by contracting Flights of Thought,
 Can set the Soul on Fire.

So Convex Glasses, made complete,
 Contract the Rays of Light,
 Which, when apart, yield little Heat;
 But burn when they unite.

The Modern Traveller.

From the grand Tour, thro' *Paris, Florence, Rome,*
 The travell'd Youth returns accomplish'd home :
 Learn'd in each *Gout*, and vers'd in ev'ry Fashion,
 He comes to teach, and to adorn the Nation.
 With smartest *Airs* he sparkles thro' the Town,
 And views with Scorn the Academic Clown.
 A modern Wit, extreamly read in *French*,
 Can sing, and dance, and dress, and swear, and wench:
 Accomplishments like his demand Esteem;
 He knows the World—ay, and the World knows him.

*On seeing the Ladies at Crux-Euston walk in the Woods by the Grotto.**Extempore by Mr. Pope.*

Authors the World and their dull Brains have trac'd,
 To fix the Ground where Paradise was plac'd.
 Mind not their learned Whims and idle Talk,
 Here, here's the Place where these bright Angels walk.

On the Death of Mr. Pope.

Arise, ye glimmering Stars of Wit;
 For lo! the Sun of Verse is set.

Inscrip-

Inscription on a Grotto, the work of nine Ladies.

By Mr. Pope.

Here, shunning Idleness at once and Praise,
This radiant Pile nine rural Sisters raise;
The glittering Emblem of each matchless Dame,
Clean as her Soul, and spotless as her Frame;
Beauties which Nature only can impart,
And such a Polish, as disgraceth Art:
But Fate dispos'd them in this humble Sort,
And hid in Desarts what wou'd charm a Court.

*Epitaph on a Bastard-Child, murder'd by its
Mother.*

Love, spite of Honour's Dictates, gave thee
Breath;
Honour, in spite of Love, pronounced thy Death.

From Anacreon.

Of Trumpets, Drums, Guns, and the bold bloody
Battle,
My high-sounding Music most loudly shall rattle;
But, alas my poor Fiddle! too weak wou'd it prove,
And can play to no Tune, but the soft Tunes of Love.

T'other Day with new Cat-gut my Fiddle I strung,
Then Britons strike home most heroically sung;
To squeeze out high Notes tho' my Fiddle-stick
strove.

My Fiddle still tweedled, and tweedled of Love.
A Scraper from Beauty no more will I rove,
But tune up my Fiddle to Sonnets and Love.

*Wrote at the Request of Dr. Cox, on a favourite
fat Lady whom he called Chubby.*

Sally, Doctor Cox's Chubby,
Is nought but Belly, Bum, and Bubby.

On

On a late Sermon against National Depravity.

While his Lordship, with Ardour becoming his
 Station,
 Inveighs at the Folly and Vice of the Nation ;
 But the Sins of the *Clergy* forbears to discover,
 And those of the *Rich*, complaisant, passes over ;
 One wou'd swear that the *former* were canoniz'd
 Saints,
 And the *latter* lay under no sort of Restraints.

On Peter White.

Peter White will ne'er go right ;
 Wou'd you know the Reason why,
 Where'er he goes he follows his Nose,
 And that stands all awry.

On Colonel G——, a great Drinker.

Here, kill'd by Claret, Colonel G—— doth lie,
 Who while he liv'd ne'er suffer'd that to die.

*On a Copy of Verses wrote on the Queen's Death
 by Mr. Paul W——.*

Once *Felix* said (which was full bad)
 Much Learning made thy Name-sake mad ;
 But ne'er mind, PAUL, thy Verses shew it,
 Learning in thee will never do it.

Intended for the Tomb of Sir John Vanburgh.

Lay heavy on him, Earth ; for he
 Laid many a heavy Load on thee.

7 JY 57
 F I N I S.

